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IT MAY NOT BE!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Like to some poor and sinful soul,
Who walks alone beneath the night,
Whose longing gaze sees planets roll
And gentle stars with loving light;

Whose thoughts soar up above the sky,
Till he, forgetful of his shame,
With swelling heart and moistened eye,
Sighs for the Heaven he may not claim;

So am I forced to walk life's ways
With saddened heart and step alone;—
To thee, my star, direct my gaze,
And sigh for love I ne'er can own.

'Tis something sadly sweet to dream
Once in thy heart I held a place;
That once a ray did more than seem
To light for me that hallowed face.

Like all fair hopes that hope is dead;
False hopes are they, that shine for me;
But yet I dream, though hope be fled—
Forever must I dream of thee!

Past, Present, Future, all in one
Blend sadly in those dreams of thee—
"It might have been!" The sands have run;
Reverse the glass. "It may not be!"

Bolton. T. H. H.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Mr. Dexter has called up, sir," said Hickens, entering the room. "Would you like to see him?"

"Does he want anything in particular?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"No business, sir. He heard of this accident to you, and hurried here," he says.

"Let him come in. You need not leave us, Miss Hereford," he added to me, for I was rising. "Dexter will thank you for a cup of tea."

"Well now, Mr. Chandos, how was this?" cried the agent, as he bustled in. "News came into my office that Mr. Chandos's horse had thrown him, and he was supposed to be dying. Hickens says it is only an injury to the foot."

"And that's enough, Dexter, for it is keeping me a prisoner. However, it might have been as you heard, so I must not grumble. The question is, what ill-working jade caused it?"

"Ill-working jade?" repeated Mr. Dexter? "Was it not an accident? I don't understand?"

"An accident maliciously perpetrated.—Some woman, or demon in the guise of one, sprang before my horse with a shouting scream, and threw up her arms to frighten it. I was riding carelessly, and lost my seat."

"Bless my heart!" uttered Dexter, after digesting the news with open mouth and eyes. "Who was it? Is she taken?"

"A tramp, probably. Though why she should set upon me I am unable to conjecture. Where she vanished to, or what became of her, I know not. I raised myself on my elbow directly I could collect my wits, which I assure you were somewhat scattered, but the coast was already clear: and I had not been down a minute then."

"What was the woman like?" pursued the agent, as I handed him some tea.

"I can tell you nothing of that, excepting that she wore a gray cloak which completely enveloped her person, face and all. I should not know her if she stood before me at this minute."

"Was the cloak assumed for the purpose of disguise, sir, think you?" eagerly returned the agent.

"It looked uncommonly like it."

"Then I tell you what, Mr. Chandos, it was no ordinary tramp, or jail bird of that description: depend upon it you must look nearer home."

"Nearer home!" repeated Mr. Chandos. "Do you allude to our household servants? or tenants?"

"I don't allude to any party or parties in particular, sir. But when a disguise is assumed for the purpose of molesting a gentleman, riding to his home in the dusk of night, be sure that the villain is no stranger. This must be investigated, Mr. Chandos."

"I sent two of the men to scour the plantations near the spot, but the result was nothing, for they came back as they went. So far as they could ascertain, no live body, worse than a hare, was concealed there."

"I could understand it if you were obnoxious to any of the tenants, or to any others round about, but the exact contrary is the case," pursued Mr. Dexter, after an interval of silence. "The tenants often say they wish Mr. Chandos was their real landlord: not that they have any cause of complaint against Sir Thomas; but Sir Thomas is a stranger to them, and you are in their midst; one, as it were, of themselves."

"Talking about tenants—and to leave an unprofitable subject, for we shall make nothing of it in the present stage of the affair—I don't like the new tenant by the gates here, Dexter?"

"No! Why not, sir?"

"And I should like to get rid of him."

The agent put his bread-and-butter down on the plate and turned his head, as if looking whether Mr. Chandos might be in jest or earnest.

"What is your objection to him, sir?" he asked, after a pause.

"I cannot state any objection in detail. I have seen the man, and I don't like him. How can he be got rid of Dexter?"

"He can't be got rid of at all, sir, till the lease is out—three years. Unless he chooses to quit of his own accord. There's a clause in the lease that he can leave at the end of any twelvemonth, by giving proper notice."

"That's his side—as regards the agreement. What is mine?"

"You have no power to dismiss him until the three years are up."

"How came you to draw up a one-sided deed, such as that?"

"The agent on the other side said his client wished to have the option of quitting at the end of either year, though he would probably continue for three. In point of fact, Mr. Edwin Barley is a yearly tenant; but wished to have the power in his own hands of remaining the three years. I did speak to you, Mr. Chandos, and you made no objection."

Mr. Chandos sat, twirling the watch key that drooped from his gold chain. It was self-evident to him that what might appear just terms for any other man on the face of the earth, who might have offered himself as tenant, looked anything but just, now that the tenant proved to be Mr. Edwin Barley.

"The agreement is signed of course, Dexter?"

"Signed, sealed, and delivered," was the answer.

"Then there are no legal means of getting rid of this man?"

"None at all, sir, for three years, if he pleases to stop. But, Mr. Chandos, he appears to me to be an eligible tenant—so very wealthy and respectable a man?"

"Wealthy and respectable as you may deem him, I would give a thousand pounds to be quit of him, Dexter."

"But why, sir?" repeated the agent, in surprise.

"He is not likely to prove an agreeable neighbor."

"Pardon the suggestion, Mr. Chandos, but you are not obliged to have anything to do with him. So long as he keeps his house respectable and pays his rent, that's all you need know of him, unless you like."

"What brought him to settle himself here?" nirupted asked Mr. Chandos.

"Well, I inquired once, but got no satisfactory answer. Gentlemen liked to go about the country and please their fancy for change," Haines said. "Which is true enough, sir. And now that I have seen you, and ascertained the damage to be less than was said, I'll be going back again," he added, rising. "But I shall keep my eyes open as I go along, Mr. Chandos, for a woman in a gray cloak; if I meet one I'll pounce upon her, as sure as my name's Rob Dexter."

Scarcely had he departed when Lizzie came in.

"You'll never guess where I have been to, master," she began.

"Where have you been to?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"I couldn't get it out of my head, sir, that it was them gipsies, so I just put my best foot foremost and went up to the common. Such a sight! a big tent, lighted with a torch, and four or five women and children in it, and a pot aboiling on the fire outside. But I have had my walk for nothing, for the women looked quiet and peaceable enough, and they had never a gray cloak between 'em that I saw. One old creature there was bent double, who could hardly hobble a dozen yards, two young women with babies to their breast, and a growing girl or two. I'm bound to say that they none of 'em looked wicked enough to have been the one that set on you, sir."

"We will just forget it, Lizzy," said Mr. Chandos. "I am tired of the subject, and I don't suppose it was any of the gipsies. Tired of everything I think to night," he added, as Lizzy withdrew. "Tired even of reading."

"Can I do anything to amuse you, Mr. Chandos?" I asked, for he threw his book down.

"Ay. Sit down on that low, comfortable chair, near me, and relate to me sketches of your past life."

SKIRMISH NEAR LAUREL HILL. EFFECT OF A SHELL AMONG THE REBEL DRAGOONS.

The above engraving, from a sketch in the Illustrated News, shows vividly the effect of shells, thrown among an enemy. They burst, and the iron pieces fly in all directions. Throwing yourself on the ground, is the best mode to escape them.

"They would only be sketches of my school days. I have not had a home, as others have."

"Not had a home!" musingly spoke Mr. Chandos. "How you must long for one!"

"No, I keep my longings down. It may never be my happiness to know one; certainly there is no present prospect of it; and I resign myself to my position, doing my duty cheerfully without looking beyond it."

"What do you call your 'position?'"

"That of a dependant; a governess."

"Yet you are of gentle blood?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well now, begin. If you don't tell me something worth hearing, I shall be asleep."

I laughed and related to him anecdotes of my school life, till bed time. When I was leaving him, he took my hand, as he said good night, kept it a moment in his, and said he wished me pleasant dreams.

"I shall dream of a woman in a gray cloak. But what a good thing it is, Mr. Chandos, that you can make certain of a night's uninterrupted rest!"

"In what way?"

"With that disabled foot, there's no fear that you—that you will leave your bed to night to walk in the moonlight."

"You go to bed and to sleep, and never mind looking for me in the moonlight; to-night or any other."

A vivid flush had risen to his brow, his voice was stern, and I thought what an idiot I had been to allude to his infirmity.

"I beg your pardon," I humbly said, and he released my hand without another word. Very beautiful was the moon that night, but I went to bed and slept through it. My last thought, as I laid my head on my pillow, was to wonder whether Lizzy and the maids would watch for the ghost of Mr. Chandos.

I was taking my breakfast the next morning in solitary state, when Hill came to me.

"Will you transact a little commission for my lady, Miss Hereford?"

"With great pleasure," I answered, starting up with alacrity, glad that they were going to give me something to do at last. "What is it?"

"Well, it's nothing that you need be in such a hurry as to lose your breakfast," grimly responded Hill. "My lady is sick, Mr. Chandos is disabled, I can't be spared, so we want you to go to Marden, to see the lady mentioned by Mrs. Penn, and make inquiry respecting her."

"Am I to go by train?" I inquired, after Hill had finished the catalogue of instructions, touching the questions I was to put to the lady.

"My lady would not send *you* alone by the train. Her own carriage will be round at ten o'clock, to convey you to Marden."

At ten precisely the carriage drew up, with its coachman and footmen. An elegant chariot with its handsome hammer-cloth and its baronet's badge on the panels. I was ready, and stepped in; and away went I into Marden in state as great as if I had been my lady herself.

Number nine King street, the address given, I found to be a pastry-cook's. The coachman drew up to the private door; and, on inquiring for Mrs. Howard, I was shown up stairs into handsome apartments. A lady very much dressed, rose at my entrance—Mrs. Howard. A higher character than she gave to Mrs. Penn could not be tendered; faithful, good, discreet, trustworthy, and invaluable as a household manager, should that be required, or in sickness. Her regret at parting with her was great; but she was going to Brussels on a long visit to her daughter, and it was not convenient to take Mrs. Penn. The reference being satisfactory (though I should have liked Mrs. Howard better had she been less fine in graces and airs, and less flourishing with her tongue) I obeyed Hill's instructions in asking to see Mrs. Penn, and desiring her to proceed to Chandos that day, to hold an interview with Lady Chandos.

"It might be a good plan for Mrs. Penn to return with you now in the carriage," suddenly observed Mrs. Howard, as I was going down to it. "She will be there all the quicker and save herself the trouble of walking to the station."

I hesitated to consider. But such had not been my instructions, and I told them I thought it better that Mrs. Penn should proceed by train.

The moment the refusal had passed my lips, the face of Mrs. Penn darkened. She evidently attributed it to a feeling of exclusiveness, of pride on my part; though I can declare that nothing was further from my thoughts. I saw her looking from the drawing room window as I drove away, looking at me with an offended eye.

Mr. Chandos lay on the sofa in the oak parlor when I got back, and Hill, who appeared to have been doing something to his foot, stood by with a linen bandage on her arm.

"So your mission has been successful, miss," she said to me.

"It has. But how do you know it?"

"She's already here, Mrs. Penn, and up stairs with my lady."

Was I dreaming? I had left her behind me, in Mrs. Howard's drawing room. Had she flown through the air? Mr Chandos laughed.

"The triumphed steam over chariot wheels, Miss Hereford. A train must have been on the point of starting, so she got here before you."

"And now, miss, please to depart to me what Mrs. Howard said," interposed Hill—"My lady won't complete the engagement till she knows."

I could but report what I had heard. Mr. Chandos and Hill pronounced it satisfactory in a high degree, and both, as I could see, immediately took Mrs. Penn into favor on the strength of it. Hill went up to the library—in which room it appeared Lady Chandos, wrapped up in shawls, received the candidate, and presently Mrs. Penn departed.

Was she engaged? Mr. Chandos asked, when he next saw Hill. Yes, and to come that day; which she said she could do without inconvenience.

I was leaning over the outer gates in the dusk of evening, when a fly came steadily bowling along the road. It contained a lady inside, and some luggage out; and it made for the entrance of Chandos. I had not cause long to speculate upon who she might be, for the face of Mrs. Penn looked from the window as the gate was passed. She did not see me, and I watched her closely, every turn of her countenance: *where* was it that I had seen it?

Standing with his arm round the thick trunk of a roadside tree, was another watcher, Mr Edwin Barley. But so quietly had he stood there, gathered as it were into himself and the tree, as if he were part and parcel of the latter, that I never saw him till he bent his head forward to look after the fly and the lady's face, of which he obtained a good view. I would have stolen away then if I could; I, and my beating heart, but he came up to me, so I stayed; for I was as fearful of offending him as I was anxious to escape him.

"Visitors to Chandos?" he demanded, with an imperative air, as he pointed towards the fly.

"Only a lady who is entering as companion," I said, shivering inwardly.

"Not in Mrs Freeman's place?"

"Yes, in Mrs. Freeman's place."

"I heard that Mrs. Freeman was returning and returning to her place."

"It was a mistake, sir. Mrs. Freeman is not ill to return."

Egad, they have not been long in finding a substitute for her, then! They do things speedily at Chandos. Who is it? A stranger, or some one from the neighborhood?"

"I believe a stranger. Good evening, sir."

"Oh, but you are not going off like that," he said, holding me by the sleeve. "At least until you have told me how progresses Mr Harry Chandos."

"He cannot put his foot to the ground, but there's no danger."

"Is it true that the horse was frightened purposely? Report runs that a gipsy woman in a red cloak started out before the horse and threw up her arms to frighten it."

"It was a woman, but Mr Chandos is not sure that it was one of the gipsies."

"Who else would do such a thing? Were I Harry Chandos, I'd hang the whole community up by the neck till they confessed men and all. And their tents are in the common still, I see, braving it out. I wish I possessed authority here, that's all. You are anxious to be gone, I see, young lady. Good evening!"

"Good evening, sir." And away flew I almost as swiftly as Mr Chandos's startled horse had done. Mrs. Penn was already in the east wing, being introduced by Hill to Mrs. Chandos, and Mrs. Penn's luggage was being carried up.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GHOST OF CHANDOS.

Another lonely breakfast. Lizzy Chandos was not so well, Mr. Chandos better, was the invalid report, but neither appeared, and I had to sit down alone. The meal was half over when Mrs. Penn came in, her bonnet and shawl on.

"I don't know what your grim old butler will say to me, but I have forestalled him with the postman," she began. "Unless I step into the open air for ten minutes of a morning, I feel stifled for the day: the postman came up while I was in the broad walk, and I took the letters from him. Only two," she added, laying them on the table and regarding the directions as she did so with a free-and-easy sort of air that I deemed presumptuous and unbecoming. "Both foreign letters," she went on to comment: "one for Harry Chandos, Esquire; the other for Miss Hereford. That is yourself, probably?"

"I am Miss Hereford."

"What a very pretty name!" she exclaimed, after a pause, spent in regarding my features with eager curiosity, "as pretty as you are. Do you remember in the English history we are told of the banishment of Lord Hereford by his sovereign, and how it broke his heart? Is your Christian name as pretty?"

"It is Anne?"

"Anne Hereford: a pretty name altogether," she continued, while I rose and rang the bell.

Hickens entered.

"The letters, Hickens. Here is one for Mr. Chandos."

Hickens looked alternately at me and the letter. I held my own in my hand. He wondered how they came there; and I spoke out.

"Mrs. Penn says she saw the postman in the shrubbery, and took them from him."

"Please to let the man bring the letters to the house, ma'am, should you meet him again," he respectfully observed to Mrs. Penn. "My lady never allows any one to take them from the postman: he brings them into the hall and delivers them into my hand. Miss Emily, when she was at home, once took them from the man in the grounds, and my lady was so displeased with her: her ladyship is very strict about the post letters."

Hickens departed with his master's letter, and I opened mine, and read as follows:

"The idea of your making all this dreadful fuss—though I suppose it is mamma, not you. She's neither poison nor a tiger, and therefore will not do the house irretrievable damage. It's not my fault if Alfred has taken this gastric fever, and I am detained here. I'd rather be in the wilds of Africa, I do assure you, scampering over the sandy desert on a mad pony, than condemned to be pent up in sick chambers. Fancy what it is! Alfred reduced to a skeleton in his bed, taking nothing but *tisane* and that sort of slops, and lamenting that he won't get over it. Madame de Mellisie in *her* bed, groaning under an agonizing attack of sciatica; and I doing duty between the two. It's dreadful. I should come off to Chandos to morrow, and leave them till they were better, but for the fear that one or other might die, in which case the world would call me hard hearted and every other ill name it could lay its tongue to. You see what my present fate is, wretched enough, without your going on at me for thoughtlessness and all the rest of it. How I should get through the dreary day but for some novels and a few callers, I don't know. But the novels are not exciting, and the visitors are stupid. Paris is empty just now, and as dull as a dungeon. Don't go worrying me with any more letters reflecting on my 'prudence,' or I shall send them back to you. If mamma orders you to write, tell her plainly that you won't. Ever yours,

"EMILY DE MELLISIE.

P. S. Pray who is Anne Hereford that she should disturb the peace of Chandos? I'll come over and relieve you of her as soon as I can; and meanwhile if it's inconvenient, as you broadly hint, to entertain her as a visitor, put her with the servants, only do not inundate me with mamma's lectures second hand."

I had read to the end of this letter, where my own name occurred, before it struck me that it could not be meant for myself. Having written one letter to Madame de Mellisie, to which she had hitherto sent no reply, the circumstance tended to mislead me in reading this—which was probably meant for her brother. Before I could fold it up Mr. Chandos entered a stick in one hand, leaning on Hickens with the other. Since the accident, a temporary bed had been made up for him on the ground floor, so that he had only to cross the hall. I said nothing till Hickens retired; then I advanced to him with the note.

This letter must be intended for you, I think, Mr. Chandos, although it was addressed to me. It is from Madame Alfred de Mellisie."

"Let me see," he said, taking it, and handing me the one he himself held. "This I presume is for you as it begins 'My dear Anne Hereford.'" Emily has betrayed her characteristic heedlessness, in sending my letter to you, and yours to me."

He ran his eyes over the note, and then called to me.

"Have you read this?"

"Every word. Until I came to my own name, I never suspected that it was not written for me. I am very sorry, Mr. Chandos, but I hope you will not blame me indeed it was done inadvertently."

"So am I sorry," he answered, speaking more to himself than to me, as a scowl contracted his open brow.

The following was her letter to me —

"My dear Anne Hereford,

"You need not trouble yourself at all about being what you call 'an incumbrance' at Chandos, but just make yourself contented until I can come over. Mamma and my brother ought to be glad to have you there, for they are mured up alone from year's end to year's end. Keep out of their way as much as possible, so as not to annoy them, and believe me yours,

"EMILY DE MELLISSIE."

That was the note, and a fine specimen of contradiction it presented. Mr. Chandos took it from my hand.

"May I read it? I have not done so."

I replied that he was welcome, and he perused it and handed it me back in silence, Hill, who entered, preventing what he was about to say.

"I must ask you to leave the room for an instant, miss," she said, addressing me. "I wish to speak alone to Mr. Chandos."

I quitted the room, note in hand.

"Mr. Harry," I heard her say, "this is becoming serious. We must have a doctor."

"Stop a moment, Hill. Miss Hereford."

"Yes, sir," I answered, putting in the "sir" before Hill, in defiance of his injunctions, as I looked back into the room.

"Were you thinking of writing to Emily?"

"I was going to write now."

"Oblige me by not doing so until I have spoken with you."

Hill's face was serious, her voice also, as she spoke those few words of the necessity for a doctor. I was grieved to hear it; grieved for Lady Chandos; for, that the words related to her, there was no doubt. Mrs. Penn was standing at the corridor window as I went upstairs. She dressed handsomely, did this new companion; a gray silk robe she wore this morning, trimmed to the waist, a gold chain, and a pretty blonde lace cap. It was the first time I had seen her without a bonnet, save for a few minutes at Marden, and I scanned her features well: but I could not any the more account for their seeming familiar to me.

"What is the matter with Lady Chandos?" she asked me in a low tone.

Now, I cannot explain the why or the wherefore, but I was not prepossessed in favor of Mrs. Penn, and was determined not to be the one to enlighten her as to any strange thing that passed at Chandos. If she found out for herself well and good, that was no affair of mine. I answered with indifference:

"I heard her speak of a bilious attack. Lady Chandos is subject to them, I believe."

"Mrs. Hill came out of the west wing just now, wringing her hands, her face a mixture of keen perplexity and trouble," resumed Mrs. Penn. "She did not observe me at first, but the instant she saw me the expression of care was soothed as if by magic, and her hands were applied to smooth down her apron. I asked her what was amiss. 'My lady's worse,' she answered, and brushed by me. So I should fancy that Lady Chandos must be alarmingly ill, to cause that concern, and as she appeared tolerably well when she received me yesterday, the change for the worse must have been sudden."

"She appears to be a woman of delicate health. Is Mrs. Chandos well to-day?"

"Oh, she is quite well. There was a scene with her the other night, I understand," she added, in a whisper. "Did you see anything of it?"

I shook my head in silence: not to her would I acknowledge aught unconsciously scanning her features all the while with interest.

"Why do you look at me so earnestly?" she resumed.

"It is not very polite of me," I said, with a slight laugh, "but I cannot divest my mind of the notion that I have met you before. I cannot recollect where."

"Shall I assist you? I remember you."

"Do you indeed? Oh, pray tell me, for I have puzzled my brains over it since the first hour I saw you here."

"Were you not once at Nuille?" she said.

"Yes, at school; at Mademoiselle Barlieu's."

"And attended the Sunday services regularly at the English Protestant church. It was there you and I used to see each other."

"There!" I repeated, in incredulity.

"I was staying in the town for some weeks, and remember your face well. You were wont to study mine quite as much as you studied your prayer-book, for you were always looking at me. I used to wonder what you found in my face to admire," she concluded with a gay laugh.

I threw my recollection back, but, for the life of me, could not connect her with my associations of Nuille. It certainly might have been there that we met—and indeed why should she say so, were it not?—but it did not seem to be. As to the looking off the prayer-book part, I was sure there could not have been much of that, the English teachers always looked us up so sharply.

"Did you know the Miss Barlieus, Mrs. Penn?"

"I had no acquaintance with them. Quite old maids they are."

"They are kind, good women," I broke out indignantly, and Mrs. Penn laughed.

"Somewhat careless withal, are they not? I think that was exemplified in the business relating to Miss Chandos."

I could not answer. The whole blame had lain with Emily, but I did not choose to say that to Mrs. Penn. She was turning her gold chain round and round her finger, and when she spoke again her voice had dropped to the previous low tone.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Hereford?"

"Ghosts?" I echoed, astonished at the question.

"Ghosts," she repeated. "Do you believe that the dead come again?"

"When I see any ghosts I will tell you whether I believe in them or not," I said, jokingly. "Up to the present time it has not been my good fortune to fall in with any."

"It is said," she proceeded, looking round with caution, "that ghosts are seen at Chandos. Have you *not* seen strange sights?"

"No indeed. It would very much astonish me to see such—if by 'strange sights' you mean ghosts."

"I saw one once," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Penn!"

"A lady died in a house where I was; died almost suddenly, and I fancy she was not easy in her mind at least, I do not think I should have been, had my conduct been what hers was. If ever I saw anything plainly in my life, I saw her, after she was in her grave. You look at me with incredulity."

"I cannot fancy that a real genuine ghost was ever seen. I am aware that strange tales are told—and believed: but I fancy they are but tales of the imagination."

"In speaking of strange tales do you allude to Chandos?"

"Certainly not. I spoke of the world in general."

"You take me up sharply. Nevertheless, strange tales are whispered of Chandos. On a moonlight night, as report runs, the spirit of Sir Thomas may be seen in the walks."

"Does it come over from India to take its promenade?" I mockingly asked.

"You are thinking of the present baronet I spoke of the late one. Look out some of these moonlight nights, and tell me if you don't see him."

"My mistress is dressed, ma'am," said Mrs. Chandos's maid, emerging from the east wing; and Mrs. Penn departed at the summons.

Hill came up at the same moment, and was passing me without stopping, but I arrested her.

"Is Lady Chandos dangerously ill?"

"I think there's danger, I know that," responded Hill, cross at being spoken to. "And so much else as I have on my hands at present, and Mr. Harry helpless! my head is turned with the worry."

"Hill, Hill, let me assist you," I said, running before her and standing at the entrance to the west wing. "I know I could be a good and attentive nurse if Lady Chandos would but try me. I will not stir from here till you ask her."

"Well, this caps all," irascibly uttered Hill, after a prolonged stare. "If you'll step this way, miss, we'll see about it."

She motioned me before her down the stairs, passed me in the hall, and opened the door of the oak parlor.

"Mr. Harry, perhaps you will have the goodness to say a word of a sort to this young lady," she burst forth, in a heat. "I have got trouble enough upon my hands at this moment, as you know, sir, without being waylaid by Miss Hereford at every turning and corner, worrying me with demands to be admitted to nurse my lady. She'll believe you, possibly, when you tell her that it can't be."

Hill bounced out again, leaving me alone with Mr. Chandos.

"I am sorry to have given offence to Hill," I said, hastily. "I only wished to serve Lady Chandos."

"Do not think of it again," said Mr. Chandos. "As Hill says, it cannot be."

"Hill deems me young and inexperienced, one to give as much trouble as help; Lady Chandos may deem the same: but I have assisted to nurse serious cases of illness at Miss Barlieu's."

"Shall I tell you how you may best help?"

"Yes, if you please."

"By making no further allusion to the matter. My mother never admits strangers to her private apartments, and to press it would only have the effect of bringing Hill to an open rupture."

"I did not mean to offend," I humbly said.

"No, you meant to be kind and useful. We must thank you all the same, and take the will for the deed."

I think Mr. Chandos was going to speak further, but there came a knock at the door of the room, and Lizzy entered.

"Please, sir, may I speak with you?" she began.

"Speak away," said Mr. Chandos.

"Them gipsies are off, sir."

"What if they are?" he answered.

"I have had my eye and my thoughts upon 'em ever since you were thrown, sir, and last night I walked to the common again, to see what I could make out. There was none of 'em about: the men were away, and the women were close inside their tent, but presently one came out, and I went up to her, and she took and asked me, the fool, whether I wanted my fortin told? 'No,' says I, 'I don't; but some of you wants yours told, and perhaps you'll get it done at the country's expense. Which of you female cheats was it that sprung before the gentleman at the great house and flung him from his horse?' Well, with that she abused me—oh, sir, the language she uttered! and all in a foreign tongue, for not a word could I make out, and the rest came out of their tent, and I should most likely have been pulled to pieces, if I hadn't left 'em. This morning they are gone, cleared right off, not a trace of 'em left on the common but some charred turf, where their wicked fires have been. But now, sir, what can be a clearer proof that your assailant was one of these women, than the fact of their decamping the instant they heard they were suspected? There's no doubt that what I said last night has driven them away."

A long speech for Lizzy, and delivered somewhat curiously. She went through it very fast, and all in the same tone, as if repeating a piece from a book, imparting the idea that it had been rehearsed. Her eyes were on the ground, too, the whole of the time, never meeting those of her master. He looked at her a few moments before replying.

"Lizzy, girl, what is your motive for thus following up the gipsies to cast suspicion on them?"

"Motive, sir?" echoed Lizzy, with as much show of indignation as she dared assume.

"Ay, motive," he pointedly returned. "I shall begin to suspect that you know more of this attack upon me than you would like made public. I think it is you we must look to for explanation, not the gipsies."

Did you ever see a pale face turn to a glowing, fiery red? the scarlet of confusion, if not of guilt? So turned Lizzy's, to my utter amazement: could *she* have had anything to do with it? She stammered forth a few denegatory words, that, in suspecting the gipsies, she had only been actuated by the wish to serve Mr Chandos, and backed out of the parlor.

Backed out to find herself confronted by a tall, swarthy man, who had made his way into the hall without the ceremony of knocking for admittance. He was one of the gipsies. Lizzie gave a half shriek and flew away, and the man came inside the parlor, fixing his piercing eyes upon those of Mr. Chandos.

"It has been told to me this morning that you and your people accuse us of having assailed you," he began, without prelude.—

"Master, I have come back ten miles to set it right."

"I have not accused you," said Mr. Chandos. "The assault upon me—if it can be called such—proceeded from a woman, but I have no more cause to suspect that it was one of your women than I have to suspect any other woman in the wide world."

"'Twas none of ours, master. We was 'camped upon your common, and you let us stop there unmolested; some lords of the soil drive us off ere we can pitch our tent, hunt us away as they'd hunt a hare. You didn't; you spoke kind to us, too, more than once in passing; and we'd have protected you with our own lives, any one of us, had need be. Do you believe me, master?"

The man's voice was earnest, and he raised his honest eyes, fierce though they were, to Mr. Chandos, waiting for the question to be answered.

"I do believe you."

"That's well, then, and what I came back hoping to hear. But now, master, I'll tell ye what I saw myself that same night. I was coming up this way toward your gates, and you passed me, riding fast. May be you noticed me, for I touched my hat."

"I remember it," said Mr. Chandos.

"You rode in at a hand gallop, for I could hear the horse's hoofs in the silence of the evening. I met one of our fellows, and stopped to speak to him, which hindered me three or four minutes, and—you know them trees to the left of the gate, master, with posts afore 'em?"

"Well?" said Mr. Chandos.

"There stood a woman there when I got up. She was taking off a gray cloak and she folded it and put it on her arm and walked away. Folks put on extra cloaks at night, instead of taking 'em off, was in my thoughts, and I looked after her."

"Did you know her?"

"I never saw her afore. She was one in your condition of life, master, for her clothes were brave, and the rings glittered on her fingers. Next morning when we heard what had happened, we said she was the one. I have not seen her since."

"Why did you not come and tell me this at the time?"

"Nay, master, was it any business of mine? How did I know I should be welcome? That's all, sir."

"Will you take some refreshment?" said Mr. Chandos. "You are welcome to it."

"Master, I don't need any."

The man, with a rude salute to me, turned and departed, and we saw him treading the gravel walk with a fearless step. Mr. Chandos turned to me with a smile.

"What do you think of all this?"

"I am sure that the gipsies are innocent."

"I have been tolerably sure of that from the first, for I knew that their interest lay not in wantonly attacking me. But what else do you think?"

"I think Lizzy's manner just now was strange; there was something not straightforward in it, but I think it stranger still the account that man gave of the woman taking off the gray cloak, of her dress, and the rings glittering on her fingers."

"There appears to be some mystery in it, to which we have not yet the clue," he remarked.

"If the motive was ill will to you, the same person may set upon you again, Mr. Chandos."

"Then I must be upon my guard," he laughed, "and look out before me well on a dark night."

He rose as he spoke, took a stick in one hand, laid the other heavily on the table, and essayed to make a walk of it. But it was both painful and difficult. I approached him.

"Shall I not make a better aid than the table?"

"I can lean nearly my whole weight upon the table; I should not like to do so upon you."

"I should like it indeed, Mr. Chandos. Let me help you."

He smiled, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, taking a turn once up and down the room. Then he sat down on the sofa, put his foot upon a rest, and gently pulled me down beside him.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Hereford. You said you were going to write to Emily; what to say to her?"

"I intend to write to cancel my engagement with her, and to seek another."

"And the motive power is, that you fear you are regarded as an encumbrance at Chandos?"

I could not deny it; but the color flushed into my features.

"I am grieved that through Emily's carelessness, a letter intended for my hands alone should have fallen into yours. But, as it has done so, you must listen to an explanation. There are certain family reasons which render it inexpedient for a stranger to be located at Chandos; even Emily herself would not at all times be welcome. Emily left you here. As the days went on, and we heard nothing from her, my mother desired me to write and inquire when she would be over, and to reprove her thoughtlessness in leaving you at Chandos, when she knew why it was more expedient that we should be alone. I simply wrote what my mother desired me, no more; and this letter of Emily's today is the answer to it. Now you have the whole gist of the affair. But I must ask you fully to understand that it is not to you personally my mother has an objection; on the contrary, she likes you; the objection applies to *any* one, save its regular inmates, who may be at Chandos. Did a royal princess offer a visit here, she would be equally unwelcome. Do you understand this?"

"Quite so. But, understanding it, I can only see the more necessity for my leaving."

"And where would you go?"

In truth I had nowhere to go, no asylum; and my silence told it him.

"No," he resumed, "Emily has left you here under our charge, and we cannot part with you, except to her. You said you must be guided by me in your reading; you must be guided by me also in this."

"I should only be too willing," was my reply, "but you cannot imagine how uncomfortable is the feeling of knowing that I am intruding here in opposition to the wish of Lady Chandos."

"She does not blame you for it; be assured of that; Emily gets all the blame. And I can tell you my mother has other things to think of just now than you—or Emily either. Will you try and make yourself contented?"

"If you say I am to do so. But I wish I could render myself useful to some one."

"So you can; you can be so to me. I will constitute you my head nurse and useful companion. I shall use your shoulder at will, till my foot has its use again. Take care I don't tire you out."

He held my hand in his, and gazed at me with those speaking eyes. A thrill of rapture ran through me, and I asked myself wherefore. Could it be that I was learning to love Mr. Chandos?

I sat in the oak parlor through the livelong day; I had, nowhere else to sit but in my bedroom. Dangerous companionship!—that of an attractive man like Mr. Chandos.

He contrived to hobble up stairs by the aid of Hickens in the afternoon, and remained some time in the apartments of Lady Chandos. In the evening he was back again, reading to me from a volume of Tennyson. Never had poetry sounded so sweet before; never will it sound sweeter; and when I went up stairs to bed, that melodious measure and that still more melodious voice yet rang in my ears.

To bed, but not to rest. What was the matter with me? I know not, but I could not sleep. Tossing and turning from side to side, now a line of the poems would recur to me: now would rise up the face of Mr. Chandos: now the remembrance of Lady Chandos's vexation at my being there. As the clock struck one, I rose from my uneasy bed, determined to try what walking about the chamber would do. Pulling the blind aside, I paused to look out on the lovely night.

Why!—was I awake? or was I dreaming? There, under shade of the thick trees, keeping close to them as if not wishing to be seen, but all too plain to me nevertheless, paced Mr. Chandos. What had become of his lame foot? That he walked with difficulty, as one does who is weak, there was no denying, but still he did not walk *lame*. Did, or would, a state of somnambulancy cause a disabled limb to recover temporary service and strength? Every particle of reason I possessed answered NO. Then was Lizzy's theory right—that it was Mr. Chandos's spirit which walked there? I could not tell; the sight bewildered my brain and set my heart beating; and involuntarily there rushed over me Mrs. Penn's words—that it was the ghost of the dead Sir Thomas which haunted the groves of Chandos. With a smothered cry of superstitious terror, I flew back to the bed, leaped in, and covered my face with the bedclothes, one idea uppermost, of the many that crowded on me; if that was the spirit of Sir Thomas, he must have died a young man, and have borne an extraordinary likeness to Mr. Chandos.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.—EXPEDITION TO BACK RIVER—NINE REBEL SLOOPS AND SCHOONERS BURNED—A SCHOONER CAPTURED AND BROUGHT AWAY.—FORTRESS MONROE, July 25.—Lieut. Crosby yesterday took charge of an expedition to Back river, consisting of 300 men and seven field-pieces, upon the propeller Fanny, with six launches, belonging to the ships-of-war in the harbor, and to the Naval Brigade. Back River is properly an arm of the sea, about midway between Old Point and York River. The expedition was entirely successful. Lieut. Crosby burned nine sloops and schooners belonging to the rebels, and brought off one valuable prize schooner, laden with bacon, corn, and furniture. The last articles belonged to parties about to take refuge up the Rappahannock river.

Professor La Mountain will, this evening, make an ascent from Hampton, to reconnoitre the position of the rebels in the vicinity.

Mr. Devering, of the Sanitary Committee, leaves for Washington to-night. He reports a gratifying improvement in sanitary affairs about the fortress and camps during the past few days.

PROPOSED ATTACK ON HAMPTON BY THE REBELS—THE FEDERAL TROOPS TO BE WITHDRAWN AND THE TOWN BURNED—Gen. Butler has issued an order to families in the town of Hampton to remove, as his determination was to withdraw the troops and burn the town, in the event of its being attacked by the rebel forces.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

Beau Brummell and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been great friends. Dining together one day at the club, Brummell says to him, "Wales, ring the bell!" The Prince thought this was being more familiar than was decent, and ringing the bell, ordered the servant to call Mr. Brummell's carriage. This led to a breach between them, and the Prince cut the Beau thereafter.

It is well known, in all probability, that George IV. contemplated with as much disgust and horror the increasing rotundity of his "presence" as ever a maiden lady of a certain age did her first gray hair. Soon after the bell affair, the royal beau met his former friend in St. James's street, and resolved to cut him. This was attacking Brummell with his own pet weapon, but not with success. Each antagonist was leaning on the arm of a friend. "Jack Lee," who was thus supporting the Beau, was intimate with the Prince, who, to make the cut the more marked, stopped and talked to him without taking the slightest notice of Brummell. After a time both parties moved on, and then came the moment of triumph and revenge. It was sublime! Turning round half way, so that his words could not fall to be heard by the retreating Regent, the Beau asked of his companion, in his usual drawl—

"Well, Jack, who's your fat friend?"

The coolness, presumption, and impertinence of the question, perhaps made it the best thing the Beau ever said, and from that time the Prince took care not to risk another encounter with him.

☞ When Hoby was the great bootmaker in Georgian times, a fussy little gentleman, who was not pleased, said to him with dignity, "Mr. Hoby, I shall deal with you no longer;" the renowned fitter called out to one of his assistants, "Tom, Tom, put up the shutters, for Mr. W. W. W. Jones has taken away his custom, and of course we are ruined."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

MANASSAS.

We have lost the battle of Manassas—why have we lost it?

The answer to this question seems to us very easily given. We set a certain number of men to do the work of double their number. That is the chief answer.

Let us look for one moment at the work demanded of the Union army. At and near the junction of the "Manassas Gap" and "Orange and Alexandria" railroads—in a series of positions of the strongest natural character, strengthened as far as possible by art, and defended by a large amount of heavy artillery—were stationed the main body, including the very choicest troops, of the secession forces. As to the number of these troops we cannot speak with certainty. A telegraphic despatch from Richmond to Knoxville, after the battle, says that "there were eighty thousand men on each side." Deserters from the rebel army put their numbers at 90,000. A fallen officer, at the point of death, speaks of the madness of attacking their army of over 100,000 with such a handful of men. Allowing for natural exaggerations and for politic deceptions, we may be safe in estimating the number of rebel troops in and around Manassas Junction on the day of battle as not less than sixty thousand men. There may have been eighty thousand, if Johnston had joined them with the principal portion of the army from Winchester—but we find it difficult to make the number less than sixty thousand.

When it comes to our own strength, we are able to calculate that with tolerable exactness. The army as it reached Centreville numbered not more than from 35,000 to 40,000. The correspondent of the World says 35,000 men marched forth from Centreville the morning of the battle. Deducting a reserve of 7,000, we have 28,000 men left as the active force to overcome an army of 60,000, entrenched in very strong positions, on ground so wooded and obstructed that it was often impossible even to see where their troops and batteries were, and difficult to get at them when they were seen.

Now, taking for granted that the troops of the opposing parties did not differ very greatly in quality, 60,000 men entrenched as the rebels were, were a fair match for 100,000 assailants. According to secession logic—one of their troops being equal to six of ours—we should have had 480,000; but, according to all reasonable logic, it was perfect madness to expect to conquer an army of brave men, thus posted, even if they were rebels, with less than half their number.

The issue was, as all now see it, exactly what might have been expected. Our troops fought worthy of their cause and their blood—and so long as human energies could endure, conquered. But fresh troops were being continually brought up against them—fresh batteries opened upon them. At four o'clock in the afternoon they had won the battle so far as the immediate enemy was concerned. But when outflanked by a large body of fresh troops, weak and faint from incessant exertions, and want of proper food, they yielded to one of those sudden panics to which all troops, and especially raw troops, are liable, and retreated in disorder from the field of such heroic achievement.

Whether there was a small reserve that could have been brought into the action at this important moment, is yet a matter of doubt. Some accounts say that there was, and that Col. Miles is to be held responsible for the loss of the battle, and is to be court-martialed. Such a reserve, while it would scarcely have gained the victory, might have prevented the panic which ensued, and enabled our troops to hold their ground.

To how large a portion of the army the panic extended, it is even now impossible to say. Of course the first fugitives in Alexandria and Washington from the battle field, naturally told, to justify their own flight, the most astounding and dispiriting stories. One thing, however, seems to be certain, that the enemy had no great stomach for a pursuit (it being even asserted that a portion of their forces were retreating also)—that our reserve slept at Centreville that night—that Einstein's Philadelphia regiment, a portion of that reserve, visited the field of battle, remained there till midnight, and brought off six pieces of artillery that had been abandoned—and that the whole army returned in the course of the next day to the entrenchments along the Potomac.

As the matter appears at present, the only thing really to be ashamed of, is not the repulse, but the panic. If our troops had retired in good order to Centreville, we should have been repulsed, it is true, but not in the slightest degree disgraced. That sudden, foolish—though by no means causeless—panic, effaced the glory of what would have been one of the bravest days in our history.

Thus, as it appears to us, from all the information we have been able to obtain, the primary blunder was in expecting to do a work that required the ablest efforts of from seventy to eighty thousand gallant men, with less than forty thousand.

Supposing we had carried the line of entrenchments at Bull's Run, if we are correctly informed, a still more arduous work would have been before our troops at Manassas Junction, which they could scarcely have hoped to accomplish.

As to who is responsible for such an unwise attack, the inquiry is useless, were it not for its bearing upon our future action. That an influential public sentiment, which found utterance in the *Tribune* and other influential papers, if it was not created by them, and which found supporters in influential politicians and members of Congress, demanded an immediate advance, is undoubtedly true. Many intelligent men professed to believe that the rebels would not fight at all; and the victories of McClellan in Western Virginia seemed to give an impetus to the demand for a speedy advance, which the civil and military authorities alike found it difficult to resist. That public sentiment has now learned a little wisdom, but at what a cost!

But we do not hold that the civil and military authorities are altogether inexcusable. They must have known, or should have known, what the rebel force was, how strongly it was entrenched, and that to attack it, if it fought even moderately well, with half its numbers, was next door to madness. We can only account for the action of these authorities, by supposing either that they were not so well acquainted as they ought to have been with the work which our army would have to do, or that they themselves had really begun to believe that one Union soldier was a match for three rebel ones.

Well, Experience is the best teacher, though she takes the very highest wages. All our people are now satisfied that the rebels will fight. They are further satisfied that to conquer an *equal* number of the enemy, posted in strong positions, is a good day's work, and that to ask more of our men is to ask too much. On a fair field, we might afford, perhaps, to give greater odds, but it would be foolish to give them when it can be avoided. Napoleon said that the great art of war consisted in being always in *superior* force to the enemy at the important place and moment. This insures success, and brings war to a speedy close.

As to whether it is really necessary to attack and carry Manassas Junction, is a question that we must leave to military men to decide. It may seem to civilians that it is not—that it would be better to leave an equal number of men to checkmate the troops at that place in any movement, and to penetrate into the rebel states from other directions. We know it is not always the rule in military affairs, to dash against every stone wall your enemy may choose to erect; although we also know that there are some positions which must be taken. Doubtless our military chiefs are already considering whether Manassas is one of these.

In conclusion, we may say that the losses at Manassas will not seriously effect the numbers or the spirit of the army at Washington, and that within three days after the battle, eighty-seven fresh regiments had been offered to the War Department and accepted.

—— Since writing the above, we have Jeff. Davis's official report, giving the number of rebel troops in the battle at 15,000. We have with it a report from Richmond, saying the number in the field was 40,000; and still another, saying they had 12,000 in front, and 60,000 in reserve. As Johnston's army from Winchester, which is said to have reached the field of battle about the middle of the day,

and probably decided the action, was of itself not less than 20,000, we think we are right in putting the rebel force at not less than 60,000, and very probably 100,000 men.

GEN. PATTERSON.

The report of the troops who have returned to Philadelphia from Charlestown, seems to be generally unfavorable to Patterson. Some of the men and officers do not hesitate to express themselves in the most decided manner relative to his want of energy, and, as some fear, of disposition. We heard one man say that at one time when in pursuit of Johnston, they were so near that they could see his baggage train in the distance. They were inspirited by the sight—and had no wish to give up the pursuit—when, as we understood him, the General himself rode up and said they had done sufficient for that day, and ordered a halt.

It is further said that when at Bunker Hill, or Bunkerville, whichever it may be, the men were very anxious to push on to Winchester—and that the movement to Charlestown so disgusted them, that they lost all confidence in the fighting qualities of their commander, and were eager to be disbanded.

As one of their minor causes of complaint, they give the lenient treatment of well-known and acknowledged secessionists. They say that at one time, when encamped on or near the farm of a noted secessionist, then serving as an officer in the rebel army, they had been without fresh meat for a considerable period. On the farm in question were some twenty or thirty fine cattle belonging to the rebel colonel, but instead of their being allowed to quarter on the enemy, the General placed a guard around these secession cattle, so that they might be kept secure from any *accidental* injury from bullet or bayonet.

Of course we do not mean to give judgment against the General upon such loose statements, though they have their importance—we give them as samples of the opinions of the troops. We have read various articles, however, in defence of General Patterson, and we do not think they amount to much. One of them says that he had only eight thousand men at Martinsburg. His soldiers gave us the number of the troops as 28,000.—A Hagerstown paper recently gave the number as twenty-eight regiments, with additional companies of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, amounting in all to about 20,000 men.

In General Patterson's defence, a statement has been given of the formidable character of the rebel entrenchments at Winchester, which certainly has a great resemblance to a "cock and bull" story, devised perhaps as a scarecrow by the rebels themselves. It is not a fact that Johnston at Winchester was in immediate railroad communication with the forces under Beauregard—and we greatly doubt that the country around was destitute of provisions and forage, because we have seen constant allusions in the letters from the army, to the ripened crops, and the fertility of the country. As to the farmers being secessionists, and unwilling to supply the Union armies, even for hard money, as we have seen stated in one quarter, could anything be more ridiculous than to ask such parties twice? Property should have been taken when wanted, and receipts given for it. Such receipts in the hands of sympathizers with the secessionists might tend to make them good Union men. Whether it did or not, justice would be satisfied and the army fed.

But the fault, was, it seems to us, in calling General Patterson to such a command. It was unwise, because no one could say with certainty that the General's heart was in the work of coercing the Secessionists, however it might be in that of defending Washington and our own border. That the popular belief was that the General's convictions were uncertain, is proven by the fact that he was one of those visited by the populace after the fall of Fort Sumter. One first element of success would seem to be, that our leaders should go with all their hearts into the work; and until all whose convictions are uncertain are withdrawn from important positions, how can we reasonably hope to succeed?

In conclusion, while we admit that it may be that General Patterson is scarcely open to positive censure, we have very little doubt that with Lyon, or Seigel, or McClellan at its head, the army of Pennsylvania would have made a very different and far more glorious campaign, and perhaps even saved the day at Manassas.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FOURTH AND FIFTH.—Unjust censure seems to have been heaped upon these two regiments. On the Saturday previous to the battle, their time was out, and, they were at Alexandria under orders for home. Of course they could know nothing of next day's battle, and of the need that would then be felt for their services. In fact, whatever the chief officers may have known, the rest of the army counted confidently upon having more than enough strength to do the work before them. Things looked very differently on Saturday from what they looked on Monday. Besides, one at least of these regiments, did not leave its important post near Shooter's Hill, till Tuesday. We hope these two regiments will re-enlist, and show what stuff they are made of.

"ON TO RICHMOND."—We were never more puzzled than by the course of *The Tribune* for the last month. The *Tribune* now excuses and justifies itself—we do not think successfully. We had supposed that it must be wiser than the rest of us—knew some facts not open to us all—or else it would not have been so absolute and imperative in its cry of "on to Richmond." We see now that it knew no more than the rest of us—but was not quite so modest. *Tribune*, you have done wrong—but you are already sufficiently punished in the news from Manassas.

☞ It is a pity that the men of the returning regiments cannot be promptly paid off as they arrive at their homes. Needless little vexations and delays do great mischief.

ROSEWATER.

American readers have laughed not a little with Thomas Carlyle, as that satirical genius has indulged in his contemptuous invectives against those statesmen by reputation, who believe that great evils in society are to be remedied by rosewater. And yet rosewater will be found, we think, the great restorative to which all nations resort when they are first menaced with perilous internal danger and distress. It is only after the rosewater applications are found to be entirely inadequate to the necessities of the case, that men turn in their extremity to more severe and heroic remedies.

As is natural, the amount of rosewater that has been used, and is still being used, in our own country, to heal our present difficulties, is almost beyond calculation. For twenty years past, our most prominent statesmen, and a very large proportion of our citizens, seem to have had the most implicit faith in rosewater—if there was only enough of it. There was inflammation, to be sure, but it would yield to rosewater. Corruption, but rosewater would cure it. Rank treason, ultimately, in thought and feeling and language, —but it could all be brought under due control by rosewater.

Treason in thought and word, notwithstanding the rosewater treatment, swells and hardens into action. One would think that rosewater would now be abandoned. But the popular mind, and the executive and legislative representatives of that mind—and truly representing it—will not give up yet the old faith. Offenders must be leniently dealt with. Cierks that are squeamish about taking the oath of allegiance, must be allowed to remain in office. Men taken in arms must be dismissed upon saying they will behave better in future. Representatives talking treason must be tolerated. The sword is drawn, but its point must be kept convenient to the scabbard, so that it can be plunged back again at a moment's notice. War is waged, with a view not so much to success as to a future good understanding—so that your foe may not be shot too dead, or hurt too much, or made too angry.

But there is faith in rosewater on one side only. Secessionists have no faith, poor, deluded mortals, in rosewater. They fight to hurt, to conquer, to subdue, to carry their point, regardless of future friendship or future enmity—never having manifested, even in the years that are past, any faith in the supreme virtues of rosewater, except as used by their opponents. We should like to see or hear of the measure they would adopt to ensure themselves the victory!

Well, far be it from us to object to a full trial of the rosewater remedy. Of course, in a republican government, the majority knows what is best. Probably the enemy is not terribly and even savagely in earnest. Probably by combining rosewater in sufficient proportion with bayonets and bullets, the rebellion will speedily be put down, business again established, and all go on as unitedly and harmoniously as in the "era of good feeling," when Monroe was President. Then those obstinate fellows who vex us by saying "they do not see it," especially through the thick and disastrous smoke of Manassas—but that they do see things which that old puritan Cromwell would have called "births of Providence"—will be convinced that they are taking a needlessly stern and severe view of a future which will be made as soft and sweet as honey all through the transcendently curative qualities of simple rosewater.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN.—This general, whose star is now in the ascendant, was received with quite a popular ovation in this city, as he passed through on his way from Western Virginia to Washington. He spoke as follows:—

My fellow citizens—This is no time for speaking, but for prompt, decisive action. This reception that you give me I accept as due to my brave soldiers who fought with me in Western Virginia. I shall endeavor, in my new sphere of duty, to maintain with honor the position that has been assigned to me.

Sensible, well chosen words those. But we thought it a pity that he should be compelled to utter even that much, or be exposed to an ovation at all. Doubtless the general would rather his fellow citizens had waited until the new and arduous campaign to which he is called is over, before crowning him in the least with their laurels. It was sad to think how changed would all that welcome be, if even through the faults of others, or the sheer malice of fortune, he should not come back victorious.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR.—Who is he? McClellan? Of course we hope so. But whether McClellan be or not, we have faith to believe that when the hour of destiny, or rather say, of Providence, strikes, the Man will appear. When he does come, however, we are afraid he will not satisfy a great number of highly respectable people—his sword will be too sharp, his measures too harsh, his decrees too arbitrary. Others, however, will gladly welcome a little bitter-sweet in place of so much rosewater.

THE CLERKS.—A volunteer captain recently in this city, bears testimony to the fact that the Market street clerks make excellent soldiers, often better than a rougher and stronger class. He says they bear hardships uncomplainingly, and attend well to their duties. We are not surprised to hear this. They are generally an intelligent set of men, and accustomed to obey the orders of those in authority. Besides, each of them feels that he has a reputation to preserve.

DISCHARGED GENERALS.—With the three months' regiments go their generals, in whose place a new batch will have to be appointed. We trust the new appointments will be of tried men. By the way, has General Banks had a military education? We see that he has been ordered to take the place of Patterson. It is an important post.

ADMIRAL MILNE.—There is said to be reliable news from Havana that the British Admiral laughs at the idea of the blockade of the Southern ports being effectual—and that the British fleet is to be increased by the addition of five vessels and thirteen gunboats, making thirty-five vessels in all, manned by 35,000 men. We hear the Naval Department is actively at work providing fresh vessels.—We shall need them.

WASHINGTON.—We do not think an attack on Washington is to be dreaded—that is, if our troops will fight as well as they did at Manassas. For that matter, it might be the best thing that could happen. Flushed with victory, the enemy may also undertake more than they are able to perform.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Of all the accounts we have seen of the great battle near Manassas Junction, on Sunday, the 20th of July, the following, from a correspondent of the New York World, seems to be the most reliable, as it is certainly the fullest and clearest. As an important portion of the history of the times, we thought our readers would like to have it in the columns of THE POST:—

WASHINGTON, July 21.—At 2 o'clock this morning I arrived in Washington, having witnessed the great conflict near Manassas Junction, from beginning to end, and the gigantic rout and panic which broke up the Federal army at its close. I stayed near the action an hour or two later than my associates, in order to gather the final incidents of the day, and fully satisfy myself as to the nature and extent of the misfortune.

And now in what order shall I describe the events of yesterday? Even now, how shall one pretend to give a synthetic narration of the whole battle, based on the heterogeneous statements of a thousand men? A battle whose arena was a tract miles in breadth and length, interspersed with hills and forest? whose contending forces were divided into a dozen minor armies, continually interchanging their positions, and never all embraced within the cognizance of any spectator or participator? Even the General commanding the Federal columns was ignorant, at the close, of the positions of his several corps; was ignorant, at the beginning, of the topography of the dangerous territory on which he attacked an overpowering foe. Was either General of division better informed of the movements of even his own forces? I doubt it. * * *

OUR RIVER.

(For a summer festival at "the Laurels" on the Merrimac.)

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Once more on yonder laureled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river.

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing,—
And bore its memory o'er the deep
To sooth a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory;
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And canning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle Sun-God holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping,
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping.
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing.
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor.
The war-storm shakes the rockid hills
Beneath its tread of anger.
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,—
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

And thou, oh, Mountain-born!—no more
We ask the Wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water.
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty.

Atlantic Monthly.

THE COFFIN.

A SEA SKETCH.

During the summer of 1814, the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John C. Sherbrooke, the latter being then the Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession, and had occupied the town of Castine, which place commanded the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters there, and while the British sailed up to Castine, he lay with his vessel at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, and well armed and manned; and that she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks the enemy had received, for them, rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August, a messenger came down from Bristol with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait nearly two hours for the tide to set him off; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle aged lady from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"Right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscut, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a small sum of money with me, sir, and you shall be paid for your trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse; and when he told her he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen, as they bore the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice on their part, but yet seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter.

"Hush, my good men," said the Commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose some of you were to die away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents? Come, hurry now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who had the wheel, "she takes on dreffully."

"Yes, poor thing," responded Tucker, as he heard the woman's sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said the Commodore, "only that it was swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with strange quickness, and Carter eyed her sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail, and looked into the stern boat, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes aport, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Tank'e, ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on; why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll—Ugh!"

This last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck, with the "ugh!" above mentioned.

Shortly afterward, the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in yet?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course."

"Blow me, so I am" said the man, bringing the helm smartly aport. "But say, Commodore, didn't ye notice nothin' 'culiar 'bout that 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore; and so I am 'bout that black coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you an' I to go an' overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"No, not a bit of it. Just hark a bit. That 'oman sin't no 'oman at all!"

The Commodore pronounced the vulgar name of his satanic majesty, in a most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore. I can sweat to it. I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde, if't want as rough an' bearded as a holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe, if I didn't look out. I knowed there wasn't no 'oman there, an' so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was wonder-struck by what he had heard, but, with that calm presence of mind which made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few moments he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down into the cabin to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be snoring. Tucker returned to the deck and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; but follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin," responded Dan.

The two approached the main hatch, and Carter stooped to raise it, when his hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said Dan.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief hoxed up before him, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were all out, and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a young thunder clap from the tongue of Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said Tucker.

"I *know'd* it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitch-wood! Upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked and primed, and the string which entered the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three buckets full into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—my men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; he then intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then he have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I shouldn't have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. All I can say, if, I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have had a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the American Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told he should remain till the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," returned the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner here broke upon the air, and with a clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning when Commodore Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's that villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. *Perhaps* he's jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly into Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away and murmured to himself.

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to his death, he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far that it be he, than that my noble crew were now all in ocean's cold grave."

PRACTICAL.—John Mildmay writes a practical letter to the Journal in regard to our regiments at Fortress Monroe. He says india rubber haversacks are worse than useless. After rations have been in them for two hours, they become so impregnated with sulphur, or something of the kind, that they actually smell badly. Do up a junk of raw salt pork in a piece of enamelled or rubber cloth, put it in the sun for a couple of hours, and see how you like it. Haversacks should be made of canvas, with an inner bag, that can be taken out and washed.

☞ THE shad fisheries on the Delaware have ceased for the season. The catch has been large, not less than 600,000 having been taken from the Delaware since the season opened, more than 300,000 of which have been sent to the various cities and towns, North, East and West, besides the supply furnished to the Philadelphia market.

SONG OF THE UNION MARINERS.

AIR—*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

The skies are dark, the wind roars loud,
The waves roll high and fast;
But still our good ship Union lives,
And braves the angry blast;
And braves the angry blast, my boys,
Like a storm-bird strong and free,
While steadily our pilot steers,
And scorns the surging sea.

Oh, for a gallant Southern craft,
I heard a traitor cry;
But give to me our Union, with
Our starry flag on high;
Our starry flag on high, my boys,
The standard of the free;
The Union is our hope and pride;
No mutineers are we.

Their blows a tempest from the south,
And pirates are in view;
But we will weather out the gale,
And quell each rebel crew;
And quell each rebel crew, my boys,
For ever proudly free,
Or the good stout ship that bears us now,
Our sepulchre shall be.

Washington Chronicle.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

In the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. In their turn, they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of the soldiery, seeking their own preservation, and who gave no quarter. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them.

But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends near enough to spare a thought for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of those nearest to him and of himself. What chance in flight was there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy?

It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take him at his word, and leave him behind.

"The neighbors are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said. "I am so selfish, I have kept you here. Take the little girls with you; it is not too late. And I am safe; who will hurt a poor, helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother; "God will not leave us, though all else forsake us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men, they are wild beasts. Oh, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly useless. No strength to defend, no strength even to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenceless," answered his mother. "God will build us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me, indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us! And yet you ought to leave me! What right have I to keep you here? And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer."

"God will be our refuge and defence," still said the mother; and at length, with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy, till he, too, slept like his sisters. The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defence. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night it had collected rapidly. A high wind had blown the snow in drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it. A low shed behind protected the way to the outhouse, where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow.

It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow, which, in the silent night, had gathered around it. God had protected the defenceless with a "sure wall."

WIT THAT IS NOT WISDOM.—The chief bar to the action of the imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest and jeer, so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw or failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies, and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not nor cannot be any hope of the achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us if we are to broil them on a thorn fire.—*Ruskin.*

☞ Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

THE GARIBALDI RED SHIRT.

Some ladies at Paris have taken it into their heads to express the boundless admiration they entertain for Garibaldi by wearing the red shirts. This costume is regarded with the greatest horror by those ladies living in the neighborhood of the Corps Legislatif and the Senate, who look upon red as a revolutionary color, for which reason they say Garibaldi adopted it, although it appears that he never entertained any idea of the kind. The reason which led him to give this picturesque costume to his soldiers is so curious that it deserves to be related. A few days after the stormy scenes took place in the Italian Parliament, Garibaldi, along with Macchi, went to seek repose and country air at Montecalieri, a little village on the Po, distant about a league from Turin. On the way, the conversation turned upon the Southern army, and its peculiar costume.—Macchi did not conceal from Garibaldi that 'the color of the Garibaldian shirt had the effect of displeasing many persons, and at the same time asked him why he had chosen it in preference to any other? "Because," replied the general, "I have frequently remarked, both here and in America, that black is most easily distinguished in a flat country, that in the sun upon a rocky coast, and in the field of battle, black masses are the most striking, and consequently their movements are most difficult to hide from an enemy." "That," answered Macchi, "sounds to me very like a paradox." "Not at all," returned Garibaldi, "you shall soon see whether I am right or not." Then taking off his plaid he called to a passer-by, who was dressed in black, and after bringing him into a field of about two hundred yards' distance, called out to Macchi, "Which color is now the most prominent?" "Red," replied the former, but Garibaldi persisted in asserting that it was black, without, however, convincing his friend. This anecdote has been related by Macchi to the writer of the letter from which this extract is now quoted, and if it does not prove that black is more striking than red, it proves, at least, that political ideas had nothing to do with the adoption of the red shirt.

CALICO.

Calico dresses are grand institutions. Delaines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or handbox, and all such, but, after all, the old "stand-by," the substantial, is the shilling calico. Care must be taken not to soil the silk, nothing must come in contact with the nice dress that will rumple or stain it; but the calico is made for work, and as the highfalutins say, "nobly does it fulfill its mission." Silk rarely finds its way into the realities of life; that is, into the kitchen at home, or the hut of the sufferer abroad. But calico, oh, what good meals we get by it! how it cheers the suffering, as with its bright colors and cheerful presence it stands with soft and gentle hands, ministering to our distresses. Calico seems to be always more willing and ready to give to want than silk. It is a curious fact of our nature, that the nicer our dress the harder our heart is, as if when dressed in silk we changed our natures, and rose above base, worldly things. What! our silk dresses to be seen near enough to that poor workman to give him assistance, or drabbling into a dirty hut? No, never! Calico might do it—silk, it's just impossible! But when, in addition to all, calico comes in, rosy with the exercise of kitchen duties, which it knows how to do so well, and loves to do so dearly, and sits down at the piano or melodion, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; aye, even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then do we appreciate and admire calico.

A HOME FANCY.

I.

Loved well, when pausing in the twilight meadow
Thou first vouchsafed thy plighted troth to me,
All heaven then trembling in the sunlit shadow
Eve showered around us from the trysting tree.

II.

Loved more, when joybells chimed our nuptial hours,
While bridal maidens grouped thy form beside;
And in thy raven hair sweet orange flowers
Marked my betrothed fair—my blooming bride!

III.

Loved most, when nestled by our home hearth's shining,
Our first wee prattler clinging to my knee,
I saw, through thy dear eyes, thy soul divining
The Lover, Husband, Father, blent in me.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended on for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.

"Who go dar?" cried the sentinel.

"A friend," replied Washington.

"Friend, advance unarmed and gib de countersign," said Pompey.

Washington came up and said—"Roxbury."

"No, sar!" was the response.

"Medford," said Washington.

"No, sar!" returned the colored soldier.

"Charleston," said Washington.

Pompey immediately exclaimed—"I tell you, Massa Washcton, no man kin go by here 'out he say 'Cambridge!'"

Washington said "Cambridge," and went by; and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

☞ The English civil engineers, comparing themselves to those of other nations, say their own are trustworthy, but not as a body the most accomplished; the French are the most finished, the Germans the most profound, and the Americans the most daring.

STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

FROM LEWIS'S GYMNASTICS.

It is quite a common idea that health keeps pace with strength. I know intelligent persons who really think that you may determine the comparative health of a company of men by measuring their arms—that he whose arm measures twelve inches is twice as healthy as he who measures but six.

This strange and thoughtless misapprehension has given rise to nearly all the mistakes thus far made in the physical culture movement in this country.

A friend of mine can lift nine hundred pounds, and yet is an habitual sufferer from torpid liver, rheumatism, and low spirits. I know many similar cases. The cartmen of our cities, who are our strongest men, are far from the healthiest class, as physicians will readily testify.

On the contrary, I have many friends and acquaintances who would stagger under three hundred pounds, that are in capital case.

But I need not elaborate a matter so familiar with physicians and other observing people.

No tests of health would prove more faulty than a tape-line, or a lift at the scale-beam.

Suppose two brothers, twins, bank clerks, in bad health. They are measured around the arm. Each marks exactly ten inches. They try the scale beam. The bar rises at exactly three hundred pounds, with each. Both seek health.

John goes to the gymnasium, lifts heavy dumb bells, and kegs of nails, until he can put up one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and lift nine hundred, and his arm reaches fifteen inches.

Thomas goes to the mountains—fishes, hunts, spends delightful hours with the young ladies, and plays cricket. Upon measuring his arm, we find it scarcely larger than when he left town, while he can't put up sixty pounds, nor lift five hundred.

But who doubts Thomas will return to the bank counter the better man of the two?

John should be the better man, if *strength* is the principal and most essential condition of *health!*

And here I must introduce, for the second time, an illustration which is quite in point.

A circus usually contains among its performers a man who lifts a cannon, weighing nearly or quite half a ton. Then there are half a dozen riders and vaulters, who have comparatively little strength. If anybody supposes that the strong man has better health than the flexible, elastic ones, he has but to make inquiries of circus managers, as I have done, and he will learn that the balance is found almost uniformly with the latter. Agility and flexibility are far more important than strength, and that fine silken quality of the muscular fibre, which come only from an infinite repetition of light and ever varying feats, far more important than size.

MILITARY SASHES AND EPAULETS.

There are several old regulations in our military organizations which may be abolished with great benefit to the army, and at the same time effect a considerable saving in expenditures. Thus, for example, all the commissioned officers must be provided with crimson silk sashes having huge and clumsy tassels connected with them. Now these articles are mere gewgaws and not essential for distinguishing the officers. Instead of being of any benefit they are rather an encumbrance; as an artillery officer said to us a few days since, "confound my sash, it is always in the way." The price of such sashes range from $10 to $20, and if we take $15 as the average price, it costs $660 for sashes for the officers of a single regiment of ten companies in which third lieutenants are allowed. This amounts to no less than $66,000 in an army of 100,000 men, not including general officers; and all this for superfluous appendages.

Huge tinsel epaulets are also not uncommon in some regiments, but it affords us pleasure to record the fact that these trash are ridiculed in Washington, and where our other armies are in active service. Large epaulets are worse than useless, and they are far more expensive than the sashes.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOOD.—From experiments made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread every 100 pounds' weight is found to contain 80 pounds of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 pounds in 100 pounds; French beans, 80 pounds; peas, 23 pounds; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 pounds of solid nutritious substance in 100 pounds; carrots, 14 pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 pounds of potatoes only yield 25 pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, 1 pound of good bread is equal to 2¼ or 3 pounds of potatoes; and 75 pounds of bread and 90 pounds of butcher meat are equal to 300 pounds of potatoes. Or, again, 1 pound of rice, or of broad beans, is equal to 4 pounds of cabbage, and 3 pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families, where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

☞ "A four-year old," on a visit to our city from the "little State of Delaware," we soon found was "Pretty smart." After trying to surprise her by showing or telling her what we could—but all to no purpose—she was taken to the window to look at the moon, shining beautiful and bright, then in her first quarter, and the question asked, if they had anything in Delaware to beat that? She answered instantly, and with perfect confidence "Yes; our moons are prettier than that; it's only a piece of a moon!"

THE MILL ON THE RIVER MOLE.

Where are the waters wandering?
The miller's daughter asks;
Under the mill-wheel, over the mill-dam,
Plying their noisy tasks,
They murmur and brawl for a moment,
Then onward and onward they go;
Ever advancing, never returning—
Where do the waters flow?

Where are the waters wandering?
Lying, last night, on my bed,
List'ning their restless dashing,
Methought their wild voices said:
"So shall it be on life's current—
A hope or a joy once o'er—
A wish or a dream once uttered—
Like us, shall return no more!"

Then my busy thoughts went wand'ring
Far into my coming life—
Shall it bear me hence on its bosom,
To mingle with care and strife?
Never, ah! never returning,
As those sad whispers foretold,
To the happy hours of the present—
The careless dreaming of old?

With the voice of the wand'ring waters
Mingled at early morn
The sound of the whirring mill-wheel,
The gentle fall of the corn;
And the twilight, misty and mournful,
Faded away from my sight,
Till the drooping boughs of the willows
Were tinted with rosy light;

And the waters onward wand'ring,
Laughing and sparkling went;
Till my lips their smiles repeated,
And I learned the lesson, Content.
Shall I fear—whilst a loving heaven
Such smiles and guidance bestows—
To float on life's darksome waters,
Or reck where its current flows?

LOUISA CROW.

"GIVING UP CIGARS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Our young men of fortune of the present day present to-an observing mind a melancholy spectacle of deterioration and demoralization. Born of wealthy parents, nursed in the lap of luxury, they are expensively educated to do nothing, and spend much time, talent, and money in doing it well. They range the world for a new excitement, exhaust the catalogue of vice for a new sensation, and dissipation being the only serious business of their lives is pursued with energy never used in a nobler cause. All the advantages of education, travel, wealth, refinement, only fit their possessor to hold a billiard cue, to throw a die, to dance a polka, or applaud a ballet, to train a fast horse, or mix a punch, or smoke a cigar. Show me the men who do all these well, and I will show you minds degraded, tastes perverted, abilities misapplied, consciences and constitutions destroyed, time and wealth misspent, and lives wasted that might have left their mark upon the age. Show me these and I will show you a young man of fortune of the present day."

"There!" said Miss Helen Leigh, as she refolded the paper containing these denunciatory paragraphs, "that is just my opinion of fashionable young men. Mrs. Hallam always said the same things and warned us against them. And for one, I'll never abet their vices, and I'll never marry a man that does not work for his living, or that smokes a cigar."

This terrible sentence, more like the acid judgment of single five-and-thirty on the class accused, fell in the present case from a pair of lips the prettiest and rosiest that ever smiled on cool philosophy, and this practical sentiment from a warm, impulsive, soft little heart. The single auditor of the fair moralist, her aunt, Mrs. Seaton, laughed quietly to herself as she heard it, and from the heights of her own greater worldly wisdom, beheld in imagination the vow broken as soon as made. She was accustomed to these little bursts of enthusiasm from Helen, especially on this subject, and found the odd discrepancy between her character and conversation very charming, the one being as ardent, earnest, generous, as the other was wise, cool, and austere. She was amused to find that others, and mostly of the very class condemned, had found it so too, on the young lady's late entrance into society—pretty, willful, intelligent, and independent, she possessed, besides, that indefinable charm of manner, that gift of natural magic, which is better than beauty, and sometimes forms the secret of belleship without external accessories or intrinsic value, and with which her lovely face and character were superfluously attractive. Unworldly and sincere as a novice, she came at twenty years old from a really good school, where the stern instructress educated girls like Spartan boys, in their respect for honor, energy, and simplicity, and had endued at least *one* promising pupil with that contempt for folly, luxury, idleness, or vice—especially where its name was young man—which we have heard her give utterance to on this occasion.

But Mrs. Seaton only laughed, and did not attempt to argue with her husband's niece and ward—they were sitting in a private parlor of a hotel at one of the fashionable summer resorts, with the unconscious objects of these animadversions promenading beneath their very windows—and to them she wisely resolved to leave the task of making their cause good to their fair traducer; so it being now too dark to see anything in the room, she amused herself by listening to Helen's brilliant abuse, a sort of lively resume of the lectures of her late preceptress, Mrs. Hallam, on the twin crimes of idleness and smoking; and by watching the groups of idlers and smokers on the balcony below. Apart from the rest, and directly beneath her eyes, a scene was going on which she enjoyed with all her fun-loving nature.

A party of gay young men, of the very order Helen was mercilessly criticising, idlers, dandies, prodigals all—were lounging and resting after the harrowing exertions of the day. They had lately returned from some pleasure excursion, and having mightily refreshed themselves at the supper-table, were forgetting their wrongs in the smoke of odorous cigars, or the richer flavor of meerschaums, in the quiet moonlight, before the gas was brilliant or the band began.

The most noticeable of these refugees was a tall, handsome man, of six or seven-and-twenty, dressed with an easy elegance, conspicuous beside the severely fashionable costume of his neighbors. He had a splendid dark "Corsair" style of face, with a Byronic gloom and melancholy as its prevailing characteristic, which his satirical smile, scornful languor and deep-ringing musical tones greatly assisted—altogether he was what most young ladies called, whenever they were fortunate enough to see him, which was as seldom as he could arrange it—"a love of a man." So perhaps he thought himself—if a fashionable exquisite ever thinks—and this was the character that Fred. Olmstead, with his fine talents concealed, and natural good sense obscured, was assuming, as he stood leaning listlessly against the corner pillow, enjoying his fragrant cigar, with the moonbeams shining down on his handsome, useless head.

"Olmstead," said the youth next him, breaking the silence, "I sometimes think that you don't care for anything in the world but smoking! yes, now, by George, I believe it's so."

"Really!" retorted his friend sarcastically.

"I do indeed—you're always at it, you know, forever. If a fellow wants to find you let him follow the best smoke he smells, and there you are with your 'weed.' Now I like smoking very well myself, but how a man can regularly live on it, as you do, is deuced funny."

His neighbor only puffed in dignified silence.

"Now why don't you go more into ladies' society instead of giving up your time so much this way, and make yourself agreeable, which you can't do with a cigar in your mouth always, you know?"

"The ladies!" said Fred, contemptuously, "when I find a lady that's worth giving up cigars for, I will!"

["A challenge, Helen!" whispered one of the listeners at the window above.]

A moment after, perhaps under an invisible influence, he repented the irreverent speech, or at least its publicity for Fred was only superficially a dandy, as I said before, and had more of the true Byronic passion in his heart than in his face, becomingly melancholy as it was.

"Who says that?" demanded a gentleman, who had just come forward from the other end of the balcony—"how are you, Olmstead?" he added, extending his hand.

"Mr. Seaton," said Fred, hastily dropping his cigar behind him as he shook hands. "And how is Mrs. S. and my pet Rosalind?"

"Quite well, thank you, and will be very happy to meet you here—there's another member of my family now, to be introduced."

"A-an addition to your family?" stammered the frightened youth.

"Well—no—not an infant addition, but a new and very charming one nevertheless—a niece of mine just from school. I'll introduce you to morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Seaton, but I don't go much into ladies' society—a sort of unconverted Benedict, in fact, not worth the young lady's notice; she will forgive me, and you too, I know, for not troubling you."

"Refused!" cried Mr. Seaton, laughing. "Ah, well—perhaps time will teach you better manners; and, by the way, was it you who just now made that very polite speech I happened to overhear?"

"Sir?" said Fred, while a blush, a positive blush illumined his aristocratic face.

"Something to the effect that 'the light o' ladies' eyes' was eclipsed to your sight by the fiery spark at the end of your cigar—a compliment to the latter charmer at the expense of the former."

"Well, sir," returned Fred, gallantly defending his bad cause, "it was impertinent in me I own, to say what I did against the class, but I must insist that this little brown wand has more power over me than any lady I ever saw. Faith, I never dream of them under their spells, potent though they be, and I *have* dreamed, deliciously too, under the influence of the balmy Havana between my lips that lulled me to sleep, and then gave me dreams."

"And you waked to find you had swallowed the stump?" said Mr. Seaton.

"That occasionally, I admit," he answered, smiling, "but seriously, sir, I find the soothing influence of cigars the only one I ever wish to feel, they are my little comforts—my relief and respite from the world."

"You're a fine fellow to talk of the world," retorted Mr. Seaton, half-provoked, "you that have only had twenty odd years of it! with your advantages and circumstances, too!—you must need comforting dismally!"

"Upon my word, sir, if you'll believe me, I find it very hard to take—you have no idea how tired I get of my life; indeed, there's nothing in the world I know of worth living for, except smoking; at least it's all that helps me through it."

"Pshaw! nonsense!—but I won't waste words on you; one pretty pair of eyes will put all this folly out of your head at once, some day, and then I suppose you will own there *is* something worth living for in the world besides cigars."

"Never!—I have seen the handsomest women in it, and they are all alike, a set of perfumed dolls—always excepting the married ones, of course."

"Thank you for nothing!" laughed Mr. Seaton. "No, I give you up—you and your set—haven't a spark of the old fire left—you go beyond me entirely. I *did* use to think you deeper and better than the rest, Fred, but I declare you're worse—" Rank treason and heresy against the power that moves the world."

"Not quite," said Fred., "for look you, the day I find a woman worth the winning, I throw away cigars, and abjure all these dreary follies forever. But that day will never dawn, and fill it comes, I will look into no eyes but the glowing ones of the little brown beauty, and kiss her fragrant lips alone, and live upon her balmy breath, and own her pleasant witchery. Don't waste time upon her worthless votary, Mr. Seaton, but leave Ephraim joined to his idols—or try a cheroot!"

He looked a handsome fellow, in spite of his heretical speeches, as he stood clearly revealed in the moonlight, and his natural nobleness and grace of look and manner belied his careless words, and almost gained his pardon in the eyes of at least one fair critic above, who, silently admiring, could not believe with Juliet, "that e'er deceit"—or any other bad quality—"dwelt in so fair a mansion"—and so softly dreamed and mused, till suddenly recollecting the warnings of her esteemed preceptress on this very subject, she was troubled in conscience to find herself less horrified by the near presence of vice than she had expected, and even guilty of a wish to reclaim so interesting a prodigal. Yet surely the desire was laudable, for are we not taught to forgive the sinner while we condemn the sin, and if the sinner be handsome, shall forgiveness and charity cease to be a virtue, Mrs. Hallam?

Next morning the sun shone brightly into Miss Leigh's room as she stood before the window, brushing the shining length of her hair, and exhorting her room-mate, little Rosalind Seaton, who lay on the floor, lazily watching the movements of Helen's pretty fingers, and quite unmindful of her own neglected toilette.

"You don't look at all tired, cousin Elly," drawled the languid lady, as she rolled about the carpet. "Papa says it's because you're so full of spirits, and Mr. Byrd always said you looked like Aurora somebody at breakfast; do you remember Mr. Byrd used to ask me if you—"

"Rosalind!" said Helen, in a great hurry, "come, get up, now, this minute, or I'll run away and leave you for Marianne to dress, you idle child!"

She looked such a goddess of morning as she spoke, that she might have inspired the idlest loiterer that ever drew breath; so, at least, thought one whose only merit lay in early rising, and who, returning from his morning walk, had prolonged an accidental glimpse into an admiring study of the picture framed by the window, and thought he had never seen anything so purely, freshly fair, so healthfully lovely and living. He watched from behind the pillar where last night the picture had watched him, each movement that brought into clearer view the pretty shape in its simple, tasteful dress, the rounded contour of roseate cheek, and soft, white arms; the glossy sweep of chestnut hair, the fair, full temples, arched brows, and sweet lips, with a deep dimple in near neighborhood; the fringed eyes, shine and sunny as the day out-doors; the whole bright vision of life and beauty that glanced across his sight like a dream of another state of existence, so different it seemed to him from anything he had met in this. Fairer faces, finer figures, gestures more graceful, dresses more recherche, more brilliant pictures in more elaborate setting; these might be found anywhere, every where that one chose to look, but they were only still life, and wearied the eye with their eternal sameness of beauty; not so this tableau vivant, full of vitality, freshness and brightness, of happiness and hope—here was full loveliness still untarnished by admiration, her innocent soul as yet unspotted from the world. He wondered if among the admirers of the ball-room, the languid belles of the breakfast tables, the over-dressed promenaders of the piazzas, the blase beauties of the saloons, he should meet again this novel creature, arrayed in their prescribed uniform of dress and manner, and degraded to their ranks of monotonous brilliancy. He wondered if on nearer acquaintance this unique beauty, instinct with life and piquant with soul and spirit, would prove as real to the sense, as healing and wholesome to the mind, as now it seemed; or degenerate into but another type of the light, vapid, feverish or forced styles, which were the only ones he knew; or was it possible, he mused that such creatures really existed, and inspired a pure and elevating love, a man's heart and soul might be drawn up after them through their vital, healthful influence, to that higher sphere from which they dreamed and smiled, and so an object be found worthy to strive and struggle for in life, after all. As he pondered, he instinctively trampled under foot the little pile of white ashes he had just night burnt in sacrifice to the heathen divinities, Fate and Folly, beneath the very window where a truer goddess now beamed upon his sight, and refuted his idle calumnies.

Within the room above, little Miss Rosalind Seaton still lay and admired, and showed no signs of moving, except in twitching at the troublesome curl-papers that adorned her head.

"I shall certainly go," said Helen, with her hand on the latch, and shaking her pretty head at the offender, and directly afterwards she went. She knocked at the door of a room just beyond her own, which was opened by Mr. Seaton.

"Aurora herself!" said he; "one would think now, Helen, that you had divined my intention of introducing you this morning to a friend of mine."

Helen blushed.

"And recommending you to captivate him, and, by consequence, to look as bewitching as convenient, for he is just in your style, very high-minded, high strung, high-flown, that sort of thing. Oh, I depend on your 'smashing' Wilson!"

Helen suddenly became composed.

"Where is aunt?" said she.

"She has a headache, and will keep her room to-day, but listen: the second summons—we *must* go down to breakfast. Where's that witch of a child?"

"I sent Marianne to her as I came," and in spite of her uncle's protestations, Helen ran in to see her aunt a moment, and presently came back again with Rosalind, in full curl, and just released from the hands of the maid, running after her.

Alas for Helen's Aurora charms, wasted on a breakfast table filled with languid young ladies in elaborate peignons, dowager mammas, and hard-faced papas, while the person who would have appreciated them best, being disqualified by damp, disordered hair, hands and dress soiled by the gambols of the rough Newfoundland that accompanied him in his morning walks, and boots that had "brushed the dew" and mud from off the upland lawn, from appearing at the table, had foregone his cigar and hurried his toilet to do so, rewarded only by one glimpse of the divinity of the window, as she left the room with Mr. Seaton; and even this hasty glance was cut short by a waiter who immediately wedged him between the well-known majestic proportions of Mrs. Elphinstone on one hand, and a quantity of flounces and figure belonging to an unknown lady on the other. There was so very scant a representation of the youth of the sterner sex, that one wondered where all these belles found partners for the daily promenades, and beaux to dance and flirt with at the evening hops; and Mr. Olmstead saw his unusual appearance at the table creating considerable sensation. Feeling much aggrieved at the attention he attracted, he swallowed his coffee and his mortification at finding the identity of the unknown enchantress with Mr. Seaton's niece, whose acquaintance he had presumptuously refused last evening. Mrs. Elphinstone found her neighbor politely impracticable for conversational purposes, and said so to the stately Miss Amelia, her daughter, as they re-entered their room after breakfast.

"I can't think why he came to our table, at all; but perhaps you know, Amelia, and he would have been more attentive to you in my place?"

"Not in the least," returned that young lady, whose great merit on private life was frankness; "he would have been a great deal worse. Oh, no. I gave up Fred Olmstead a long time ago; it's of no use trying to make an impression on *him*, he is perfectly invincible."

"I have thought so," said the shrewd dowager; "but I saw him looking very hard at the pretty young lady who came in with Mr. Seaton."

"Oh she so pretty, mamma!" Charley Percy was asking me about her, as we came out, but I did not see her; but pretty or not, it is impossible that Fred Olmstead should have noticed her; he never looks at a lady if he can help it."

"Well, my dear, if he did not, others did. I saw several gentlemen looking after her, as she passed through the hall. She has a clear complexion, country red and white, of course, but that always seems to take with the gentlemen. I wish you would get up a little earlier, Amelia, and walk more in the air, and not waltz quite so much; depend upon it, you would not lose anything by it."

"Or gain much, if you mean with Mr. Olmstead," said the straightforward daughter. "He would never know if one were pink or pale, or I would take twice the trouble, it is so provoking to see him driving out by himself, every day, with that lovely turnout, in such a defiant way, for he knows how many of us are longing to be invited to go with him; or riding off alone on that splendid Saladin. There he goes this minute!"

She hurried to the window just in time to bow to Saladin's handsome rider, who waved a graceful but perfectly cool acknowledgment, in the course of which, the horseman's eyes fell on a lovely, animated face at the window of a room near Miss Elphinstone's, and he actually turned in his saddle, to bow to Mr. Seaton, who was there also.

"An old acquaintance of mine, Helen," that gentleman carelessly explained to his niece, "but I rather fancy you wouldn't like him. A fine fellow enough, naturally, but spoiled by prosperity and idleness; a lazy, languid, graceless, dissipated spendthrift, the very thing you are always abusing. He is very well to look at, but I'm afraid not the sort of person you ought to know. I wouldn't look after him, Nelly."

When did a girl ever fail to look, after such a prohibition, or fail to become interested where she was specially warned not to be? Helen could have distinguished his voice among a thousand, already, and every light and shadow of his handsome face were enduringly photographed in her memory. She was sure that a man who talked as he talked, and looked as he looked, (for, alas! I confess it with sorrow, our sex are always liable to be "hooked in the eye,") could not go so very far astray, or utterly forfeit his native nobility. She thought her uncle a little harsh and unjust on his youthful follies, considering that he had been called "a little wild" himself at college; and then "men cannot understand men as women can," mused the wise one; and no doubt wealth was a great temptation and misfortune to a restless, energetic, brilliant young man, prohibited by the prejudices of his caste from usefully employing his time and talents, and compelled, in a manner, to waste them on idle and often unworthy pursuits. Oh, yes; she saw it all; and while thankful that she had resolved to love and marry some one diametrically different, she still regretted so valuable a life wasted, so promising a future lost, and her heart yearned over the handsome prodigal. Ah, what a noble "woman's right" it would be to train this wayward nature, through loving influences, back to the good paths from which it had wandered, and up to the glorious field of usefulness and honor; by the might of a pure affection, to lead an erring but noble soul from darkness into light; from sin and folly, to happiness and virtue; from restlessness and discontent, and languor, into peace; from evil, to all good. A gracious task! But Helen wisely recollected at last, that her mission was to be the rewarding, with her hand, of a life already useful and honored; a soul never stained; a mind always admirable. This high destiny seemed to her rather flat and uneventful, after the glorious mission of which she had dreamed, but she faithfully recalled to memory the virtues of her ideal hero, his wisdom and his worth, and with a little sigh, went away from the window.

Mr. Olmstead rode alone that day, but the next he engaged Mrs. Seaton, whose lord and master looked rather astonished when he saw them setting out. He would, perhaps, have been a little enlightened, had he heard the judicious questions with which the gentleman beguiled the way.

"Are you acquainted much in the house?" he inquired.

"Very little. There are few of my friends here this season."

"I should think you would be rather dull?"

"Oh, not at all. Mr. Seaton is in unusually good health and spirits, and it is impossible for one to be dull where Helen is."

"Helen?"

"A niece of ours—just from school. She has been with us since spring."

"Perhaps the young lady I saw with you last evening on the piazza?"

"Very probably," returned Mrs. Seaton, with a quiet smile, under the shelter of her veil.

The spirited touched up his spirited horses, and was silent for a moment, but Mrs. Seaton enjoyed the subject too much to drop it, and resumed.

"You will excuse my not introducing you, but I understood from Mr. Seaton, that you didn't wish it—had declined it, indeed."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Fred, turning suddenly about with a heated face. "I hope you will forget my presumption—my impertinence. You did very right to punish me for my impoliteness last evening."

"My dear sir! I punish you!"

"Why, yes. Didn't you keep me lingering outside all that pleasant fun and frolic, like Tantalus, or the Peri at the gates of Paradise, or an office-hunter around the White House, or—or anything that wants to get in, and can't?"

"I didn't know you wanted to join us, or I would have given the invitation of course."

"Thank you," returned the young gentleman, with an embarrassed laugh. "Would you be so kind for this evening?"

"Certainly," responded Mrs. Seaton, and put her fingers to her pretty lips, till she was composed enough to admire the scenery.

She was too wise to say anything to Helen, but when they had assembled on the cool piazza, in the evening, and perceived a dark figure advancing towards them, heralded by "bouquet de Eugenie," she pinched her husband's nearest arm, and rose with suspicious alacrity, to introduce Mr. Olmstead. Mr. Seaton gave up the chair between his wife and Helen, which he had previously occupied, and in return was edified by seeing his young friend "spread himself," as he afterwards remarked to his wife, to produce a good impression on them. In this he was very successful, if one might judge from the merry laughter of Helen and her aunt, and the animated conversation of all three. It was not surprising that they were well entertained. Few men had travelled and read so much as Fred Olmstead, or to so good purpose. He had the eye of an artist, the perceptions of a humorist, the heart of a poet, the tongue of a lawyer—that is of a special pleader—the materials Nature had collected to make a brilliant man, had not Fortune defeated her purpose by the accident of birth, and by crippling his powers with the silken wishes and golden fitters of wealth. Idle and inglorious as they lay, and rusty for want of use, there was yet the ring of the true metal in his wit and eloquence, slightly touched with that sleepy sarcasm, which it is now the fashion for Young America to level at the "world outside." Yes, Mr. Olmstead was, no doubt, a clever and fascinating man, and it was because the female sex in general too openly recognized the fact, that he fled them so persistently. He had that elegant trait of character, which the country people term "contrariness;" and the more they displayed their acknowledgment of his merits in fortune and figure, the more he rebelled against their doing so, and enjoyed his "invincible" reputation, while yet he neglected no grace that could keep him their despair, and cherished the consciousness that he could make great havoc among them if he chose—though now he didn't chose—that was all over long ago, when he was young and believed in life. Now he found it only endurable through self-indulgence; his sole aim being to kill time; his only real pleasure, in smoking! Mrs. Seaton did not warn her niece against this representative of a class of men, with whom, sooner or later, she was sure to come in contact in society, but trusted to the young lady's instincts; and though it was Helen's first experience of them, she had some slight data from which to regulate her conduct in her own home circle of admirers, and her aunt felt her confidence well placed. But Mr. Olmstead was soon absorbed, beyond precedent, in his study of a character that was to him a new and delightful revelation, possessing all the charm of novelty, the witchery of romance, the dignity and power of truth. In her inspiring presence, listening to her sweet, earnest voice, he felt himself unworthy, sordid, aimless, effeminate, beside the heroes of her pure dreams, and longed to be something higher, better, and nobler—life seemed to have a broader scope, a purer aim, a deeper meaning by the light of those eyes—he felt like one ascending from languid heats and perfumed airs into an elevated and purified atmosphere, healthy, bracing, and invigorating. Nor did his growing interest lack that stimulus of jealousy which is so salutary for people in his state, for he had an opportunity of observing that Helen's enchantments of look and manner were not solely acknowledged by himself, or devoted to his powers of fascination, when he began to find her promenading with an attentive escort on the piazzas, or standing the bright centre of an admiring group of gentlemen in the parlors. For, although she never waltzed or danced redowa, polka, mazourka, or schottische at the evening hops, objected to cards, knew nothing of bowling, and dressed with more taste than splendor, she began to be an object of remark and speculation to the ladies in the house, and something more to the gentlemen. In fact our inexperienced young lady was in a fair way to become a belle.

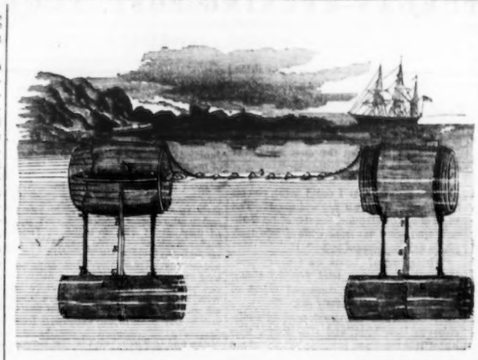
Mr. Olmstead claimed a little on the score of "old acquaintanceship" (i.e. an acquaintance twenty-four hours older than that of any other gentleman, and occasionally astonished his friends by his remarkable attentions to her. The whole house, however, participated in the wonder when he led Miss Leigh to his well-known carriage and drove her out—one day behind those "lovely bays," which had never before, in the service at least, carried a young lady, on that cushioned seat unclaimed heretofore by any of her sex, save the elderly and married. Well might Helen smother a laugh as she saw the irrepressible astonishment in the faces of those who beheld her ascend this triumphal chariot.

When they returned from their drive, the number of spectators that witnessed them was quadrupled, but neither of the pair were troubled by the fact. Fred, as a man slightly "smitten" already, therefore a little mad, rather enjoyed wearing his light chains, and exhibiting them to the public; to use his own words, he "liked to astonish 'em," while Helen, with the calm self-possession befitting one who was "having it all her own way," passed quietly through the opening groups, and regained her own room, where she shook her head with a little feminine triumph at the window from which she had witnessed so much on the first evening of her stay—and then sat down by it, her heart beating and her cheeks blushing as she mused over the events it recalled. But I fear her thoughts were centred on an unworthy object, and that had the virtuous ideal hero of her earlier dreams suddenly appeared before her in his proper person, to tender her his meritorious hand, he would have met with but a cool reception, for her meditation was less how to reward the good than to reclaim the evil.

"How fast the time flies, Helen! Would one believe that we have been here three weeks, and must leave next Tuesday?"

"Oh, aunt, do we? How sorry I am!"

"No doubt, my dear. So will be Mr. Sedgwyn, Mr. Moore, Mr. Van Dean, Mr. Farnsworth, and forty others, not to mention your devoted, Mr. Olmstead!"



Infernal Machine Picked up on the Potomac by the U. S. Steamer "Pawnee."

REFERENCES.—No. 1. Large oil-casks, serving as buoys. 2. Iron boiler or bomb, 4 feet 6 inches long, 18 inches in diameter. 3. Rope 3 inches, with large pieces of cork at a distance of every 3 feet. 4. Box on top of cask, with fusee. 5. Gutta-percha tube fitting in to copper pipe. 6. Brass tap on bomb. 7. Copper tube running through cask. 8. Wooden platform in centre of casks, in which fusee was coiled and secured. 9. Fusee.

We are indebted to a sketch in Harper's Weekly for the above engraving of the infernal machine lately discovered floating down the Potomac, a few hundred yards from the steamer Pawnee, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th inst. In the casks used for floating the iron cylinders were placed platforms, on which were coiled the slow-matches for communicating fire to the fusees. The fusees connect with the cylinders, which are filled with powder. Had this machine drifted, as was intended, athwart the bows of the Pawnee, and there exploded, its destructive effects might indeed have been great. A boat from the Pawnee extinguished the fusee in one barrel, and the other barrel sunk.

Helen winced a little at this thrust, but bore it bravely.

"He is very kind," said she.

If Mrs. Seaton had judged only by the cool words, she would have thought the kindness wasted, but looking up she caught a momentary expression that flitted over the lovely face of her niece, and was silently satisfied on the subject.

"But, Helen, tell me one thing," said she, "forgive my curiosity, but what have you done to Mr. Van Dean? I met him a few minutes ago, and he said he was going this afternoon. And I am sure it was a sudden resolution."

Helen blushed, with downcast eyes.

"Yes, I know it," said she.

"And you actually refused him?"

"Yes, aunt."

"But, my dear—why?"

The same beautiful expression beamed in the eyes of the little belle.

"Aunt, I did not love him."

"Well, I am sorry," said Mrs. Seaton, sighing "He is one of the best matches in America—handsome, talented, elegant, rich, and amiable—what could one desire more?"

"Yes, he is all this," said Helen, "and that is precisely why I cannot respect him—with all these advantages he is absolutely useless in his day and generation, using his fortunate position to set only a bad example, 'wasting his strength in strenuous idleness,' devoting all his power and energy to a worse than idle cause."

"Why don't you marry him and reform him then? that would be a good mission for you, my little philosopher?"

But Helen only smiled and shook her head, and so the conversation dropped.

Meanwhile, one on the same subject was going on in Mr. Olmstead's room.

"Good-bye, Fred," said Mr. Van Dean, coming in hastily.

"Why, what is the matter?" returned his friend, in answer, "my dear fellow, how sudden! What is it?"

Mr. Van Dean hesitated a moment—a look of pain passed over his fine face; he said something incoherent, and took the proffered chair.

"I may as well tell you, Olmstead; I can trust you, I know. She—I have been rejected!"

"Rejected! You? Who was it?"

"Yes. She refused me. It was Miss Leigh."

His friend bounded as if he had been shot.

"Helen Leigh?"

"Yes, I thought you saw it. I thought every one must have known it. I have fancied since, that I must have made a great fool of myself."

"And he has not paid her half the attention I have done. What then am I," thought the hearer's vanity, but he only said aloud,

"No, I knew nothing of it. But I always thought, Arthur, that you could choose where you pleased. With your advantages and fortune."

"Yes," said Van Dean, bitterly, "that is what she objected to. I hope you will believe me, when I say that I never offered my self to any woman before, the modern girls one meets are all so much alike. So wax-dollish, and made after the same boarding-school model—or else so blase and world weary and unprincipled, like us! Pah! I could not! But this one is different—she is a real, true woman, with more strength of mind, and principle, and goodness, than I ever met with in a woman before except my mother"—he reverently took off his cap and bowed his head as he said it—"and has a heart, though I have failed to reach it, full of life and spirit, too, and with a certain winning grace of her own, a sort of fascination, I never met with before. It has done my business for me any way," he sighed.

"Did you say she gave a reason?"

"Yes, I asked her for it. It was an ungentlemanly thing, I know, but I hardly knew what I was doing, the disappointment was so great. I was mad, I think."

"What did she answer?"

"You would scarcely believe it—it was as novel as herself. She said she would be frank with me, and by heaven she was! She told me I was young, talented, rich, accomplished, with a great influence of every kind for good or evil, and capable of becoming one of the first men of the time, in any way I chose—an honored actor, instead of an idle and worse than idle spectator of the events of the day. Whereas I was but a '*man of fashion,' and as such only, could not command her respect sufficiently to love. She said the man she married, she must not only admire and love, but respect and esteem, and that if such a thing could happen as that she should marry me, she should feel as if she aided and abetted the bad example I set, and helped me misapply the advantages given for a higher purpose."

"And what did you say?" demanded his friend, whose handsome face had grown pale as he heard his own doom pronounced in every word.

"What could I say, but that I thanked her for her candor, wished her a happier lot than mine, and would try and make myself worthy of the good opinion she had of my powers, and of the friendship she promised me."

"And will you do it, Van Dean?"

"Yes; I will try. At all events, I will lead the life of a butterfly no longer. Give me your good wishes, Fred, and good bye."

"One moment, Arthur. I have also a confession to make. I have to ask her the same question. I must 'put my fate to the touch' to-day."

"Ah, is it so, indeed? Poor fellow! Well, heaven prosper you, Fred, and make you more successful than I was. She is a noble girl, whoever wins her, and now, for the last time, good bye."

That afternoon, when Mr. Olmstead and Miss Leigh took their usual drive, the gentleman's manner was full of that quiet, intense devotion, which, to experienced eyes, like the calm before a thunder-storm, precedes a violent "declaration." Helen, also, was very quiet, the soft roses of her cheeks were a little fainter than usual, and her hands slightly trembled as they played with the ribbons in her lap. They drove several miles in absolute silence, and it was not till Fred saw it was nearly time to turn back, that he gained courage to speak.

"Miss Helen," he said, "Mr. Van Dean was with me this morning before he went away. He is my friend, and I felt deeply for him."

No answer.

"He told me the reasons that you gave in rejecting him. He seemed to feel them very deeply, as indeed I did also."

"Do you blame me?" said Helen, lifting her eyes to his face. There was a slight thrill in her voice that he did not notice in his agitation.

"How can I blame you? How dare I? You are right as ever; but why are you so clear sighted, so quick witted, so keen judging? I tell you when you doomed Van Dean, you doomed all his class in him!"

"Am I, then, so harsh?" said Helen gently.

"Harsh! No; but cold; you are cold, Helen. You made poor Van Dean love you; he has a noble heart, and although he has the misfortune to be rich—the misfortune with which you charged him—he loved you as truly and honestly as the poorest lover in the world would have done; and he is good and noble, for, through all his trouble, he never spoke of you but kindly, while my misfortune has made me bitter and miserable. Yes, this man loved you, Helen, and you threw him aside because, forsooth, his birth, habits and training unfitted him to be your model of activity and propriety, and you reproached him with it!"

"Mr. Olmstead," said Helen, striving hard to retain her composure, "you must not speak so to me, you are unkind—unjust. I did not *reproach* Mr. Van Dean. At his request, I gave him one of the reasons for my refusal of him."

"So you had still another and secret reason?"

She whispered "Yes."

"I thought so. False as well as harsh."

Helen could bear no more. She dropped her face into her hands, and burst into tears. The fierce, bitter man was softened in a moment into the tender, entreating, remorseful lover, who yet betrayed, by the anguish of his face and voice, his consciousness that it was all in vain.

But Helen was too generous to keep him in misery long. As soon as her excitement had subsided, she whispered,

"Shall I tell you my other reason?"

He bowed; he could not trust himself to speak.

"I love some one else."

There was dead silence, till Fred spoke in an unnaturally constrained and gentle voice.

"Tell me who it is, Helen, and I will tell Van Dean. He will be happier for hearing it all, I think."

She turned towards him with a beaming smile, though her eyelashes were still wet with tears.

"Do you really wish it? then bend your head down and I will whisper it to you."

He answered "Yes" in an apathetic tone, and obeyed her.

"It is you I love."

He started up with a look almost of menace. "Take care, Helen! for God's sake don't trifle with me! You don't know what I have suffered!"

She laid both her hands on his arm, and raised her lovely face to his—full of tenderness and truth, and fervent with feeling.

"Oh, Fred! could I trifle with you, and on such a subject? Look at me!"

Still he was true and honorable to his friend to the last.

"Yet, Helen, I am a man of Van Dean's class, an idle trifler, a worthless waster—only not half so good and noble as he is—if you did not love him, you surely cannot love me."

"I do love you, however."

"I am as rich as he is, yet I do not make even as good use of my money as he does. I spend it all in idleness and self indulgence, in folly or worse."

"Yet I love you still."

"I have talents—or had once, that I know—I have buried, wasted, squandered them."

"But I love you."

"I am accomplished too. I have had education enough spent on me, to set up a dozen. What am I the better for it to-day?"

"Still—I love you!"

"Oh, Helen, blind and foolish girl! You send away poor Van Dean for faults which you take with me—you break a noble heart for one not half so good, though it cannot be fonder of you—and while he goes away to reform and amend, for the love of you and the sake of 'what might have been,' you take me, with all my imperfections on my head, and without a promise even of amendment. Oh, Helen, can it be that such happiness is mine? Can it be that you trust me so entirely?"

"Yes, for I love you! I love you!"

And with one sigh for his friend—Fred yielded to his happiness.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Seaton, yesterday I was admitted to the bar—consequently I have come to day to claim the fulfillment of Helen's promise, and ask her of you, as I now have a 'business in the world.'"

"Oh, yes! your own stipulation. Precious nonsense! Well, am I to play the 'cruel parent,' and treat you to a boxing-match, or will you talk it over with a cigar?"

"Thank you—but I don't feel like thrashing you this morning, I am too happy—and I don't smoke, I have given it up."

"He has given it up! Is the man mad? I should as soon expect to hear that Vesuvius had done smoking. Why I have heard you rave about it a thousand times."

"You heard me for the last time, a year ago."

"Ah yes, I remember! And so this wonderful transformation dates from that occasion? Well you certainly owe me a great deal—of a grudge."

"I gave my last box of cigars away three weeks from that time."

"Those matchless cheroots!" groaned Mr. Seaton.

"A fig for cheroots! I am going to be the happiest man in the world!"

"Through marrying the most whimsical woman in the world?"

"Suppose we try the boxing match now? I 'feel to believe' that I could polish you off beautifully. You call her whimsical! The angel of my redemption, the star of my darkness, who saved me from a life of idle dissipation and uselessness and—"

"There! there! Spare me your raptures; I'll go away—I will send you, my young madman, the equally demented object of your affections, and a pretty pair—"

Mr. Seaton's mouth was stopped by a mischievous little hand, and Miss Helen, who had wisely remained invisible 'till this stage of the conversation, was discovered behind her uncle's chair, blushing very much, but casting a look of shy pride and affection upon her champion.

"I have been telling your uncle, Helen," said he, returning it with interest, "that I am now admitted to practise my profession, and can venture to claim your promise."

"But, dear Fred, you cannot practise, you know, till you have something to practise on," said Helen, archly, "and suppose you were poor, and dependent upon your profession?"

"You want me to wait for cases?"

"If you please."

They were married in three weeks.

"My dear Helen," said Mrs. Seaton to her niece a year after, "what has become of all that fine theory of yours about reformation and discipline? I see Mr. Olmstead smokes?"

"Yes, aunt."

"But, my dear, he was kept on trial for laziness and bad habits, I don't know how long, before your high mightiness would take him; and behold he raises the standard of rebellion already in one respect—take care he doesn't in others?"

"But, aunt, I made him do it—indeed I did. I persuaded him into it. He began again to please me."

"Helen, you are incomprehensible!"

"Now why? I married Fred to make him happy, not to keep him in a private house of correction, and I thought he really needed the relaxation after his day's work. Think too how nobly he strove for a year before we were married, on his own resolution, for I never said a word to him about it, giving up all his vices and vanities and studying so hard—he that was so unused to study—dear Fred!"

"Yes, he is certainly a noble fellow, Helen—few men would do so much for love!"

"I hope it was for something better," said the young lady with tears in her eyes. "I think it was for principle, for I never could persuade him to abate one atom of his rigid self-denial of this trivial thing—though I often tried—till we were married; then I had a little right to command him, you know. He was afraid it might lead him back to his old habits, he said; so I told him he need not go to saloons and clubs to do it, but bring his cigars home, and *smoke to me*. He was quite horrified at first, but you should have seen how happy he was when I lighted his meerschaum for him and set him to smoking in my little sitting room, just like a Dutchman and his wife, you know—it made us both laugh to think of it, but, poor fellow, he must have wanted it dreadfully! So now we get on famously—it used to make me cough and wink a little at first, but now I quite love it; indeed I'm a capital judge of cigars, tell uncle; and look at Fred, they used to call him lazy!—the busiest man in New York!"

Mrs. Seaton was still laughing over the eulogy when the eulogised walked in, and, indeed, the past two years had made a great change in him. She could hardly recognize him for the languid exquisite she had known him then. He was never handsomer or more elegant, but the air of indolence and apathy was replaced by one of activity and energy—the satire was gone from his smile, and the affectation from his speech, he talked and looked like a man whose whole soul (not heart) was in his profession, and could Mrs Seaton have shut her eyes on the fairy palace he inhabited, she would have thought the "rising lawyer," whose fame was in everybody's mouth, a struggling toiler for daily bread.

Dinner over, she retired for her favorite siesta, but stopped on her way up stairs to look and laugh at Helen, bearing the obnoxious cigar case between her thumb and finger, along the hall to her pretty sitting-room.

"Now, Mrs. Seaton," cried Fred, with his comical look, "don't you think I am a tolerably complete conquest, a thoroughly converted Benedict? Judge between us and see if I can have a will of my own since I met Miss Leigh, my present guardian angel. First I refuse to be introduced to my wife, and she makes me beg for the favor without so much as looking at me. Next I declare that I will never give up cigars, and she makes me do it without asking me. Then I break myself of the habit of smoking because she doesn't like it, and because of 'a vow I made for her sweet sake,' and she orders me to take it up again—and I not the model husband?"

"Oh, nonsense, Fred," said the smiling Helen, "no more than I am the model wife. Come and smoke, and don't be silly. Give me the cigar and I'll light it for you."

"No, I'll light it myself—you will burn your fingers."

"After all your fine reformations and improvements, Helen," called Mrs. Seaton down the stairs, "it seems we leave Mr. Olmstead just as we found him, refusing to give up his cigar."

☞ Few persons are worth loving who have not something in them worth laughing at.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

Since writing our editorial this week on Manassas, we have come across the following from the *N. Y. Times*, in defence of General Scott—

"The question is, *Who decided that the attack should be made?* Who determined that the road to Richmond should be by Manassas Junction? Who is responsible for the plan of operations by which a battle at this point, selected by the rebels themselves, admirably adapted for defence, fortified through three long months of incessant labor, accessible to their reinforcements from both directions, and in all respects precisely such a position as they might wish to make it, became a matter of necessity? We have not the slightest desire to involve the President and Cabinet in any responsibility that does not belong to them, but, on the other hand, we do not intend that Gen. Scott shall be loaded with blame for acts which were done by others. We *know* that Gen. Scott was opposed to this plan of the campaign from the beginning; he deemed it unwise to make Richmond the main point of the movement; but after that had been decided against him, he was opposed to marching against it by the longest and most difficult route, through a country every foot of which would be obstinately defended, and which must be held by a strong force after it had once been taken. This we know to be true—and in spite of the delicacy of such disclosures, we shall not hesitate to state the authority for it. It is that of Gen. Scott himself.

"On the Tuesday preceding the battle, General Scott, at his own table, in the presence of his aids and a single guest, discussed the whole subject of this war, in all its parts, and with the utmost clearness and accuracy. He had a distinct and well-defined opinion on every point connected with it, and stated what his plan would be for bringing it to a close, for the management of it had been left in his hands. The main object of the war, he said, was to bring the people of the rebellious States to feel the pressure of the Government, to compel them to return to their obedience and loyalty. And this must be done with the least possible expenditure of life, compatible with the attainment of the object. No Christian nation can be justified, he said, in waging war in such a way as shall destroy 500 lives, when the object of the war can be attained at a cost of 500. Every man killed beyond the number absolutely required, is murdered. Hence, he looked upon all shooting of pickets, all scouting forays not required in order to advance the general object of the war, all destruction of life, on either side, which did not contribute to the general result, as so many acts of unjustifiable homicide.

"If the matter had been left to him, he said, he would have commenced by a perfect blockade of every Southern port on the Atlantic and on the Gulf. Then he would have collected a large force at the Capital for defensive purposes, and another large one on the Mississippi for offensive operations. The summer months, during which it is madness to take troops south of St. Louis, should have been devoted to tactical instruction—and here the first feats of autumn he would have taken a column of 80,000 well-disciplined troops down the Mississippi—and taken every important point on that river, New Orleans included. *It could have been done, he said, with greater ease, with less loss of life, and with far more important results than could attend the marching of an army to Richmond.* At eight points the river would probably have been defended, and eight battles would have been necessary; but in every one of them success could have been made certain for us. The Mississippi and the Atlantic once ours, the Southern states would have been compelled, by the natural and inevitable pressure of famine, to lay by a crop for the next year, escape from the ruin that would speedily overwhelm them out of it. 'This,' said he, 'was my plan. But I am only a subordinate. It is my business to give advice when it is asked, and to obey orders when they are given. *I shall do it.*' There are gentlemen in the Cabinet who know much more about war than I do, and who have far greater influence than I have in determining the plan of the campaign. They are better men, I dare say, but I am not the model husband?" and upright man than the President—never one who desired more sincerely to promote the best interest of the country. But there are men among his advisers who consult their own reputation by far more than the interest of wisdom and experience, and *these men will probably decide the plan of the campaign.* I shall do, or attempt, whatever I am ordered to do. *But they must not hold me responsible.* If I am ordered to go to Richmond, I shall endeavor to do it. But I know perfectly well that they have no conception of the difficulties we shall encounter. I know the country—how admirably adapted it is to defence, and how resolutely and obstinately it will be defended. I would like nothing better than to take Richmond; now that it has been disgraced by becoming the capital of the Rebel Confederacy, I feel a resentment toward it, and should like nothing better than to scatter its Congress to the winds. But I have lived long enough to know that human resentment is a very bad foundation for a public policy; and these gentlemen will live long enough to learn it also. I shall do what I am ordered. I shall fight when and where I am commanded. *But if I am compelled to fight before I am ready, they shall not hold me responsible.* These gentlemen must take the responsibility of their acts, as I am willing to take that of mine. But they must not throw *their* responsibility on my shoulders.'

"This is the substance and very nearly the language of a portion of Gen. Scott's conversation on the occasion referred to. It proves conclusively that he was opposed to the advance upon Richmond by way of Manassas at that time."

OFFICIAL REPORTS.—Major Bidwell, Acting Colonel of the Michigan First, in his official report of the engagement of Sunday last, says his loss is heavy. Most of the casualties occurred in front of the enemy's batteries. The loss of officers was large in proportion to the number of men engaged. No troops, he says, could have maintained their organization there for any length of time under such a fire. They were hurried into action after a march of twelve miles over an exceedingly dusty road, and had no time for rest or refreshments; but the fatigued men evinced a courage, coolness and endurance that entitled them to the highest praise.

Colonel Richardson, in his report, gives great credit to the Michigan First and Second for covering the retreat. The following is the loss of the First Michigan regiment: They went into the field with 475 men and 25 officers, and lost 108 men and 9 officers.

OPERATIONS IN MISSOURI.—Forsyth, Mo., July 27.—Gen. Sweeney's command arrived here to-day, dispersed a band of one hundred and fifty rebels, and took possession of the town. Five rebels were killed and several wounded. Three of our men were slightly wounded. About $20,000 worth of military stores fell into our hands.

☞ He who rears up one child in Christian virtues, or recovers one fallen creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's—more enduring than earth or sky.—*Channing.*

WAR ITEMS.

Colonel Corcoran and Mr. Ely, Congressman from New York, were taken prisoners at Manassas.

The scouting parties of the rebels have come within three miles of Washington since the battle, and carried off two farmers, Union men.

Among the Generals honorably discharged with the three months' men, are Generals Patterson and Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania; Sanford, of New York; Runyon, of New Jersey; and Cox, Schenck, and Bates, of Ohio.

It is reported in Louisville that Tennessee troops from the Secession encampments are being rapidly hurried into Virginia.

From Washington, Bull's Run is distant about thirty miles, and by the direct road it is about four miles from Centreville. The locality is one of great natural beauty, and in a fine forest region. The roads are not very good, being thickly covered with loose stones, and often very narrow.

Gen. Johnston's secession force in Northern Virginia is set down at 42,000, of whom he sent 35,000 to Manassas, starting the Tuesday before the battle. On Saturday 5,000 more are said to have started South. The 35,000 were probably in the battle. On the rebel side the centre was commanded by Jeff. Davis himself, the left by Johnston, and the right by Beauregard, who had his horse shot under him.

Sherman's battery was not lost; it is in Washington. Gen. Scott was at Washington, and not in the battle.

Major Kearney, who lost his arm in charging at one of the gates of the city of Mexico, has been appointed a Brigadier General.

OUR LOSS.—The loss at Manassas was greatly exaggerated. The Fire Zouaves, of New York, and the Minnesota First, suffered the most and very severely—each regiment losing in killed, wounded and missing over 200 men.

The rebel loss was very heavy. It is stated to have been over 2,000, and that Col. Wade Hampton's South Carolina Legion was terribly cut up. Their condition is shown by their failure to take advantage of our panic.

It is reported that Mr. Russell, the London Times correspondent, who witnessed the battle, states that he never saw such fearless charges as our troops made, although he had witnessed the various conflicts in the Crimean war, and also those in India. We shall see what he really thinks when the *Times* comes to hand.

A SOUTHERN ACCOUNT.—A letter from Leesburg, Va., to friends in Baltimore, says:—Intelligent gentlemen from the field of battle near Manassas Junction bring some important particulars of the great battle on Sunday last between the Federal and Confederate forces.

Gen. Beauregard was reinforced by General Johnston's command, from Winchester, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday, after the battle commenced. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is said to be two thousand five. The number of prisoners taken by the Confederates is set down at one thousand one hundred and forty-two, including one member of Congress, Mr. Ely, of New York. There were forty-two pieces of cannon captured, fifteen thousand small arms, and over one hundred wagons.

The South Carolina troops were foremost in the action, and suffered the greatest loss. Col. Wade Hampton's legion of cavalry was nearly cut to pieces, and Col. Hampton was killed while charging the Federal troops.

Col. Hampton was one of the most eminent and wealthy citizens and planters of South Carolina. The legion which he commanded was recently organized, and was one of the finest bodies of men ever enrolled in the South.

The Maryland troops, with the Washington Light Artillery, of New Orleans, were stationed on a certain point, and were not brought directly into action. It is not known positively that any volunteers from Maryland were killed—but not over two or three certainly.

General Beauregard charges that the Federal commander, after sending a flag of truce to bury their dead after the first battle of Bull's Run, felt his dead unburied, and occupied his time in throwing up entrenchments from which he drove the assault upon the battery at Bull's Run. For this reason he refused the application since made by General McDowell, under a flag of truce, to bury the dead. The Federal dead were collected and buried in trenches by the Confederate troops, and the Federal wounded were receiving the same attention as their own.

The Confederates at no one time had over 12,000 troops in action, but had a reserved force of 60,000 men, from which fresh regiments in action were occasionally relieved.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE

OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM PRESIDENT DAVIS.

LOUISVILLE, July 26.—A special Richmond dispatch to the Charleston Mercury, dated the 23d inst., says that as soon as it became evident that the enemy meant to give battle, President Davis hastened to the scene of action, arriving in time to take part in the battle, and immediately assumed the command of the centre. General Beauregard commanded the right wing, and General Johnston the left. It was against the latter that the enemy concentrated the best troops, and fought most obstinately. At one time the left wing was pressed so severe that the issue of the conflict in that direction seemed doubtful.

It was here that the Barton Georgia regiment was posted, which was so fearfully cut up. A large body of our troops from the centre was sent at this critical moment to the assistance of General Johnston, and turned the tide of battle. The enemy broke and fled before the impetuous charges of the Southerners, and the battle became a rout.

A letter from Richmond, dated the 22nd, says that Congress met at noon, and after prayer, the following dispatch was read before the body:—

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Sunday Night.—The night has closed upon a hard-fought field.—Our forces were victorious. The enemy were routed, and precipitately abandoned a large amount of arms, knapsacks, and baggage. The ground was strewn for miles with those killed, and the farm-houses and grounds around were filled with the wounded. Pursuit was continued along several routes towards Leesburg and Centreville, until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured many field batteries and stand of arms, and one of the United States flags. Many prisoners have been taken.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers, or the gallantry of all our troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left. Our force was 15,000; that of the enemy was estimated at 35,000.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Another report says that the entire Confederate force was 40,000, and the entire forces of the United States about 80,000.

No particulars were received of the dead and wounded.

The fresh troops are pouring rapidly into the capital. By Saturday night there were at least one hundred thousand Federal troops on the line of the Potomac, extending from Alexandria to Harper's Ferry.

THE enemy, at last accounts, admitted that two thousand of their troops were killed in the battle of Sunday.

WHAT GENERAL SCOTT SAID.—In the House of Representatives on the 24th, in some remarks relative to the recent battle, Mr. Richardson said:—"I repeat that Gen. Scott had been force to fight this battle. I will tell him what occurred yesterday morning. My colleagues, Messrs. Logan and Washburne, and myself, were present with the President, Secretary of War, and Gen. Scott. In the course of conversation, Gen. Scott remarked, 'I am the biggest coward in the world.' I rose from my seat. 'Stay,' said the General, 'I will prove it. I have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the President ought to remove me to-day for doing it. As God is my judge,' he continued, after an interval of silence, 'I did all in my power to make the army efficient. I deserve removal because I did not stand up when I could and did not.' I stand here to vindicate Gen. Scott. I am indebted to the gentleman from Missouri for the compliment he paid me. I desire to say for myself, I am here, the last of a generation, my father and grandfather having fallen beneath the flag of their country. I, too, have fought under its folds at home and abroad, and God willing, there I will stand till the end of life, defending it against all foes.

Mr. Washburne—As my colleague has referred to Gen. Scott's remarks, he might also allude to what the President said.

Mr. Richardson—I will do so. "Your conversation implies," said the President, to Gen. Scott, "that I forced you to battle," to which Gen. Scott replied, "I have never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been." But Gen. Scott did not relieve the President from the fact of the latter having forced him to fight the battle. Gen. Scott thus paid a compliment to the President personally. I desire to say of the President, I have known him from boyhood, if you let him alone he is an honest man, [laughter], but I am afraid he has not the firmness to stand up against the politicians around him.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—Ten of the fifteen regiments, containing 11,000 men, have already been thrown forward. They are said to be thoroughly uniformed and furnished, and most of them having been regularly drilled in camps of instruction for two months. This body has been organized under the superintendence of George A. McCall, long an officer in the regular army, through all the grades of which he has passed with distinction, to the rank he now holds in it of Brigadier General. The State has also an artillery regiment and a regiment of 1,200 cavalry, nearly ready for service, both of which have been accepted.

HARRISBURG, July 26.—Governor Curtin has determined to call out ten thousand additional troops, and will at once issue his proclamation to that effect. He is urged to increase the number to twenty thousand.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been a fair demand for Flour since the close of last week, but generally at prices below the views of holders, who are asking an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl for superfine and extras. The sales for export reach about 9000 bbls at $4@4,50 for ordinary to good Western and Pennsylvania superfine, not fresh ground; $4,75@5,50 for extra family do, and $6@6,25 for fancy Western family, selected brands, including 300 bbls superfine, 500 bbls Lancaster county extra, 2,500 bbls Western and City Mills, Brandywine and W. B. Thomas', chiefly extra and extra family and 600 half bbls do, all on terms kept private. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not inquired for and nominal at $3,12½ for the former and $2,62½ ₱ bbl for the latter Pennsylvania meal.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat are light and mostly confined to new Southern red, which has met with a good demand at an advance of 2@3c ₱ bus on the quotations of last week; the advance is confined to 20,000 bus in lots for milling and shipment at $1,12@1,15 in the cars and afloat, closing at $1,13 afloat, including Western and Delaware do, part of which, at $1,12@1,13 in store, and white at $1,16@1,22 as in quality. Rye is lower, 4000 bus old Pennsylvania sold at 56c ₱ bus, and new at 52@53c, closing firm, but quiet, with light receipts and sales, in all about 10,000 bus yellow to note at 50@53c, the latter for prime lots afloat. Corn is firmer and more active, with sales of about 20,000 bus at 29@29½c for Southern afloat, and 29@30c for Pennsylvania; the receipts are light. Mill Feed is very dull and prices are nearly nominal at $12@18 ₱ ton as in quality.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally is very limited in trade sales and dull, with sales of 200 bbls 16,50 for mess, and Beef at $12@16 ₱ bbl for Western and city mess. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to hams, at 8@8½c for plain and 9@10c for fancy canvassed, with lots of shoulders sold at 5@6½c, as to condition. Sides are quoted at 7½@8c. Green Meats remain quiet at 6@6½c for hams, 5c for sides, and 4½@5c for shoulders. Nothing doing in sides. Lard comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand at 9@9½c for prime in tierces and barrels, and 9@10c for kegs, as in quality. Butter is dull at 8@9c—the latter for prime packed, and Cheese at 6@7c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower and selling at 10½@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand from manufacturers is limited; some 350 bales, taken in small lots within the range of 12@13c for ordinary to middling Uplands, cash and short time.

ASHES are steady, and a small business done at quotations.

COAL.—The market is less active, but holders of Anthracite are firm in their demands, with a moderate business to note for the coals sent forward for shipment and home use within the range of quotations.

COFFEE is firmer, the reduced state of the stock in first hands, and light week's deliveries limiting operations to about 2200 bags, taken in small lots at 13@15c for Rio, and 15½@17c for Laguayra, on the usual credit.

COPPER.—There is little or nothing doing in Sheathing. Yellow Metal is firmer, and held at 18c, 6 mos.

FRUIT.—Green fruit is arriving more freely. Apples selling at 50@75c ₱ basket, and Berries at 25@50c ₱ bucket.

HAY.—Timber, good Timothy selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HOPS are inactive, and a small business to note at 18@23c for Eastern and Western, as in quality; the bulk is on hand.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the trade, and a small business doing in both pig and bar, under former rates, and light week's deliveries.

LEAD is scarce and on the advance, and 500 pigs Galena sold on terms kept private.

LIME.—Burnt is in demand at 80c ₱ bbl.

LUMBER.—There is no change to note, and very little doing in the market. Susquehanna Boards range at $11@14; Lehigh Hemlock do, $9@10; Lumber, $6@6,50; do. Boards, $10; Eastern do, $11,50@12,50, and White Pine Shingles $2@16 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firmly held, but the transaction in all kinds are very small.

PLASTER is rather more inquired for, and quoted at $2@2,25 ₱ ton—the latter for cash.

RICE.—The stock is light, and the sales in a retail way only at 4@5c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There is very little Clover offering or selling, and a small business only to note at $4,75@5 ₱ bus. Timothy is rather easier selling at $2,75@3 ₱ bus, in a small way. Linseed is unsettled, and of American is reported at $1,35 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is nothing doing in Brandy or Gin worthy of notice, and the market is very quiet. N E Rum is selling in a small way at 28@30c. Whiskey sells in lots, as wanted, at 20@21c for bbls, and Drudge at 16c; hhds are scarce.

SUGARS are firmer, and on the advance, with sales of 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note, at 5¾@6c, including Porto Rico at 6¾@6¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is more active; city is quoted at 8@8¼c, and firm at the advance.

TOBACCO.—The market for Leaf and Manufactured is quiet, and without any change to note in price or demand.

WOOL.—The market is inactive, and the transactions limited to a few small lots, at 42@45c for pulled, and 25@30c for common to quarter fleece; fine is not saleable at over 30c ₱ lb.

the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hilltop, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiment which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning half of the circle, which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops until they reached the very point of attack. Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill and into the valley thickets on the left the Zouaves; the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had shrunk from the stifling heat of dust, and smoke, and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement toward our left—a movement manifestly for the purpose which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune, of the battle. A misfortune, that is, if the troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warrenton road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserves were sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported, continuous line. General Scott says, to-day, that our troops had already accomplished three days' work, and should have rested for long hours. But McDowell's plan to vanquish the South in a single struggle, and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Captain Alexander, with his sappers and miners, was ordered to cut through the road on the left side of the bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile, in the hill which I have mentioned, the thousand heroic details of Federal valor and the shameless-ness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young Governor led the regiments he had so munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and was last spiked, with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results!

At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abattis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and Hunter's regiment cut behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manœuvre. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw all other bodies of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day lying quietly in ambush. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were upon us beyond all hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Captain Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up, men!" he shouted, "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode back wards and forwards, placing his horse across the road, and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and disembodied every corps. We were now cut off from all advance force by the cowardly infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutlers' wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us. "It's no use, Alexander," I said; "you must leave with the rest. Tell the devil with will," was his sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder straps, majors and colonels who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut. Col. Speidel, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a league. I positively declare that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts made to check the panic before Centreville was reached, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizens' dress, who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne, and I learned that he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat! For three miles, hosts of Federal troops, all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout, were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sighing and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses, flying wildly from the battle field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare-back, as much to save themselves from being run over as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals—appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the melee, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned, and lay amid the ruins of a caisson as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore and after-wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The gunner bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a flight? Could the retreat of Borodino (?) have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles's brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. •But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps, and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route, the trains attached to Hunter's division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions, and at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight; and grain, pitched into the ranks of carriages of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route. When some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The route of the Federal army seemed complete.

A CHECK TO THE RETREAT.

The sight of Miles's reserve drawn up on the hills at Centreville, supporting a full battery of field pieces, and the efforts of the few officers still faithful to their trust, encouraged many of the fugitive infantry to seek their old camps and go no further. But the majority pushed on to a point near the late site of Germantown, where Lieut. Brisbane had formed a line of Hunt's artilleries across the road, and repulsed all who attempted to break through. I particularly request attention to the service thus rendered by this loyal young officer.

While he was thus engaged, a courier arrived with the news that Col. Montgomery was advancing with a New Jersey brigade from Falls Church, and that the retreat must be stopped, only the wagons being allowed to pass through. Some thousands of the cowardly herd already got far on their way to Washington. These were those from whom the details of the repulse were gathered this morning. Poor fellows! who could blame them? Their own colonels had deserted them, only leaving orders for them to reach Arlington Heights as soon as they could. A few miles further I met Montgomery swiftly pressing to the rescue, and reported the success of Lieut. Brisbane's efforts. And so I rode along, as well as my wearied horse could carry me, past groups of straggling fugitives, to Fairfax, where Col. Woodbury was encamping, and guarding against a flank movement of the enemy, and on again to Long Bridge and the Potomac. But the van of the runaway soldiers had made such time that I found a host of them at the Jersey entrenchments, begging the sentinels to allow them to cross the bridge. To-day we learn of the safe retreat of the main body of the army; that they were feebly followed by the rebels as far as Fairfax, but are now within the Arlington entrenchments. And McDowell, a stunned and disquished general, is overlooking the wreck of his columns from his old quarters at the Custis mansion.

FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.—CINCINNATI, July 26.—General Cox occupied Charleston, on the Kanawha, with his Union forces, yesterday. The rebels, on his approach, retreated, burning the bridges and throwing in his way everydesirable to his pursuit. A rebel steamer on the Kanawha was burned, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Union forces.

It is believed here that the retreating rebel army will be met by Gen. Rosecrans' column, which marched some days ago to intercept it.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

We clip the following from the Providence General Advertiser, Sept. 12, 1857:—

At this season of the year, when cholera morbus, dysentery, and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer.

Persons leaving home, whether it be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in accordance with the above recommend, and not be without it. Many diseases incident to the summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On more than one occasion have we been relieved of intense suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation.

BROWN'S DANDELION COFFEE.

We commend to the notice of our readers the advertisement of the above coffee, with the assurance that it is only necessary to give a trial to take the place of all other coffee. The price being only one half the cost of the best Java, or Mocha, independently of its being more wholesome, is an object in the present depressed state of the times. 1t26-4t

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1305 head. Prices varying from 8½c to 9½c per lb. 60 Cows were sold at from $20 to 50 ⅌ head. 2000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6.00 to 7.00 ⅌ cwt. and 800 Hogs brought from $5 to 6 ⅌ cwt, net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

June 27th, by the Rev. Joseph D. Newlin, Mr. WILLIAM H. CONRAD, of Berlin, Somerset county, Pa. to Miss MARY DONNELLY, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by W. J. R. Taylor, D. D., THEODORE W. BAKER, of this city, to Miss TILLIE E. MORRIS, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, JACOB LENTZ, Jr. of this city, to Miss SARAH J. HAMMEL, of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 25th of June, 1861, by John M. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM NORRIS, to Miss FANNY CORNWELL, both of this city.

In West Philadelphia, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. T. Spalding, M. D., Isaac D. REED, to Miss MARY S. ROCH, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 16th of July, by the Rev. A. A. Culiver, Mr. JAMES DOBSON, to Miss MARY A. SCHOFIELD, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. CHARLES L. SWOPE, to Miss SARAH ROBERTS, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. HENRY WILEY, to Miss ELIZABETH CALDWELL, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. ROBT. ETHEL, to Miss FRANCES E. CROCKER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES T. LEWIS, in his 43d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. GEORGE SHIELDS, in his 68th year.

On the morning of the 23d ultimo, Mr. THOMAS GILBERT, aged 57 years.

Suddenly, on the 22d ultimo, ADAM STULL, in his 71st year.

On the 21st ultimo, SUSAN, wife of Wm. Vinter, aged 56 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE MALONEY, wife of Mr. Saml. P. Smith.

On the 22d ultimo, THOMAS SMITH, Sr. in his 78th year.

On the 22d ultimo, at Providence, R. I., Mrs. MARY RUSH, widow of the late Thomas Sturges, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, at Birmingham, N. Jersey, MARY F. GREAVES, relict of F. F. Greaves, formerly of this city, in her 44th year.

On the 21st ultimo, SARAH, wife of Henry C. Hutman, and daughter of the late Thos. Graham, of this city.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 27, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	11 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	—	New York City	1 to 2 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	65 to 70 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	15 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	6 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	1 to 3 dis.	Texas	1 dis.
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	65 to 70 dis.
Mississippi	—		

Published by PATENT LEG & ARM MANUFACTORY, 1859, 1861, 1876, PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," 1850, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

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The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children*.

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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see the full name

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Homes for the Industrious!

IN THE

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious people of the commercial community is directed to the following statements and the inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with commensurately speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers as great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those three great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are turning to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

There are now in operation within a few hundred miles of the Atlantic seaboard 7500 miles of railroad in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron remaining undisturbed. The inexhaustible coal that underlies the State, and the cheapness with which it can be mined, will ensure to it, in a few years, the advantages of cheap fuel, which are always so essential to the growth of manufactures.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; and, 958 persons having been added since 1855, making the present population 1,750,000, a ratio of 100 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 produced 24,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon those prairie soils, being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,500,000 acres. They sell to actual cultivators only, and require that settlement are agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $50,000,000. In addition to the payments made to the Company through which it passes, was over $36,000 more which 675,000 have been settled; making the whole population 814,291, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 800,000 tons of freight, including 1,000,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. The children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouses, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the United States of America.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $16 per acre, according to location, &c., and a first class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the 1-sixtieth expenses of subduing prairie land so compared with wood-land is a saving of from $15 to $20 per acre of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be as follows:

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale. First class farming lands will for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the 1-sixtieth expenses of subduing prairie land as

Wit and Humor.

ARMY ANECDOTES.

One of our correspondents in the army of the West, writes:

"Being in camp one of the 84,000 sons of Ohio, who responded to the President's call upon this State for 13,000, I use a moment's leisure to dot down the following experiences of the last day or two among the volunteers.

"One raw captain of a rural company, yesterday marched his men into the long, narrow mess booth for the first time. After dinner, feeling anxious to bring them out in military order, and thinking it wrong to have the left in front under any circumstances, he ordered the separated ranks to countermarch where there was not room to execute the movement. The result, of course, was great confusion. The captain raved, swore, and commanded impossible things. Result, still greater confusion. At last the men poured out of the doors pell-mell, like sheep. The disgusted captain, placing his back against a tree, shouted the only command they could obey, thus: '*Any way you please, hang you—*MARCH!'

"Another captain lately a railroad conductor, was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank, turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again toward his squad, he saw they were in the act of 'butting up' against a fence. In his hurry to halt them, he cried out, '*Damn Brakes! Damn Brakes!*'

"Still another one wanted yesterday to leave the squad he was drilling for a moment, and brought them to the 'rest' in this style: '*Squad, break ranks; but if any of you leave your places till I come back, I will have you put in the guard-house.*'

"Being at Camp Wilkins (at or near Pittsburg) last week," writes a friend, "while watching the excellent of a battalion drill, a captain of one of the companies attracted my attention. I turned to my friend and inquired his name. 'Why,' said he, 'that is the famous John W. Dean.' I said, 'Why famous? I never heard of him.' 'He is famous for the form of oath he administered to his men at their enlistment, which was this: "You solemnly swear to obey, fight for, and maintain the laws of the Federal Government and Constitution, and support John W. Dean for Captain of this company." ' Upon inquiry, I learned that the reason the last clause was inserted, was because he had been "the active in getting up a company before, and when they elected their officers, he was left out, so that time he was determined to make it sure."

"After the company was filled, they met for the purpose of electing officers. Being formed in line, Mr. Dean stated to them that the first duty of a soldier was strict obedience to the orders of the officers, and any one guilty of any act of insubordination would be dealt with in the most summary manner. Officers were to be voted for, not rose. Mr. D immediately nominated himself for Captain. There being several 'Ayes' distinctly heard, without waiting for the contrary, he immediately declared himself elected. Things worked smoothly, all being declared unanimous, until the vote for orderly sergeant, when there was a 'No' heard from the rear rank. The Captain immediately rushed in, seized "no" by the collar, and gave him a thorough shaking, at the same time exclaiming, 'You scoundrel, how dare you show signs of mutiny and insubordination so soon, after the instructions I gave you? Take your place in the ranks, and never be guilty of such an offence again!'

"No instance of mutiny has since been known in Captain Dean's company."—*Harper's Magazine.*

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Suggestion 1.—No soldier shall be ordered on any duty where his life might be placed in danger. This will do away with recruiting officers.

Sug. 2.—Officers shall always be first to lead, as they are to retreat.

Sug. 3.—Privates should always have their sweethearts along, that they may learn to fly to arms quickly!

Sug. 4.—In behalf of the short soldiers we object to the shortest men being always placed in the front ranks during an engagement, as it gives them the hottest place "under fire," and they are necessarily in the rear on a retreat, subject to receiving unsoldierly wounds from the points of the enemies' bayonets! Quite a pass!

Sug. 5.—All sentries should be allowed a young lady to stand guard with—the time would seem so much shorter!

Sug. 6.—The dentist should examine the teeth of each soldier, and label on the back of the head what duty the grinders can do—tender—middling—tough—or extra tough! The waiter will then know what sort of meat to give each man, that none may be wasted!

Sug. 7.—Soldiers who cannot stand a charge should never receive a discharge!

Sug. 8.—Officers receiving the higher pay should go afoot, and let the privates ride!

Sug. 9.—Soldiers should always keep their arms, and if possible their legs, with them!

Sug. 10.—None but fathers of families should belong to the *infantry!*

Sug. 11.—The sappers and miners should be made up of underwitted men and soldiers not yet of age!

Sug. 12.—None but scholars should be sent out as skirmishers, as they are the best to fly to cover!

Sug. 13.—To make a good stand get a company of cabinet makers!

Sug. 14.—Always remember that troops will stand a hotter fire in January than in July!

☞ Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

A VALUABLE CAT.

"Can I be of any use?" asked a young Ottonian of a distressed female at the Alnwick station.

"You are a witness?" she said.

"Of what?" said the Ottonian.

"That I gave my basket to a man."

"Certainly."

"A railway servant?"

"He said so."

"He's off with it. He's a thief, a robber, he's an impostor, whether he's a railway servant or nae. He's off with my greatest treasure!"

"Compose yourself, madam," said the superintendent, making his way through the crowd, "if what you have lost cannot be found, and you really gave it to one of our people, perhaps some compensation—"

"Compensation," she exclaimed. "Brute, mercenary brute! There is no compensation for a loss like mine!"

"Of what nature is that loss?" said another railway official.

"Of a very serious nature, sir, to me, of an irreparable nature," she replied. "That basket contained—oh, my! oh, my! it contained my Rufus! Oh! Rufus' pride of my heart' comfort of my life! my companion! my bed fellow! my sleek! my tabby furry, purry! my whiskered, my darling, my bushy tailed Angora, my Rufus!"

"You don't mean to say, ma'am, that you're kicking up all this row and rumpus about a cat!" said one of the porters.

"A cat, sir, yes, but such a cat as you never beheld. A cat worth ten such men as you!"

MRS. PARTINGTON SPEAKS.

Mrs. Partington came to town lately to select a guardian for her precious Ike, and remarked as follows:

"How the world has turned to be sure!" said she; "to nothing but change, change! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers; to day I am in this great city, my olfactories breathing the impure excrations of coal smoke that are so illatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds the humbler lussies almost deprive me of my conscientiousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the moral turpentine of this city is frightful, but it isn't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand; he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tendermess to hurt him; and, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful member of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers like copper-crowned hens. But he has a genius shocking at him, it comes natural to him like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more."

THE SISTER'S PLACE.—At a conference meeting, held somewhere in the northern part of our State during the great revival season of '58, were present, among others, Brother Brown—a weak, shy, but good man, considerably "forehanded," and a childless widow—and Sister Ames, a strong minded spinster, somewhat loud of voice and fluent of speech, who, report said, was not averse to the thought of securing the control of Brother Brown and his fine house and farm.

In the course of proceedings Brother Brown was called on to relate his experience. As usual, he was humble and slow of speech; "he had very little to say—could not speak to the edification of the brethren and sisters the time would be better occupied by others. For his part, he felt that it became him to be silent, and that his place was behind the door of the sanctuary." And so he sat down, and Sister Ames was soon after called on to speak. She too was humble and subdued; had little to say, and that in a low tone; and concluded by remarking that she felt that "her place was to sit behind the door with Brother Brown." Not even the solemnity of the occasion could prevent the meaning smile that ran round that circle of grave faces.

A BOTTLE CONJURER.—An Irish gentleman, sojourning at a dashing hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening, taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous landlord came in, when the gentleman, after apologizing, told him he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide by telling him what profession he was bred to. Mine host, after some hesitation at the question, answered that he was bred to the law. "Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost, for I said that you were bred a packer." "A packer, sir!" said the host, swelling like a turkey cock, "what could induce you, sir, to think I was bred a packer?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I judged so from your *wine measures*, for I thought no one but a *stinkpot packer* could put a quart of wine into a *pint* bottle."

THE CONGRESS AT RHINOCORURA.—Epiphanius, the Greek father of the church, the same who forbade the reading of the writings of the far famed Origenes, states (in his Panarion Haresium, 8th that the first Congress held about the division of the world, was at Rhinocorura, where the three sons of Noah met, and divided among themselves all the countries of the globe, and which political act Noah afterwards confirmed in his will. The pious Philastrius (a contemporary of Epiphanius) goes still further, and counts the disbelief in the above division, and in its legitimacy, among the number of heresies: it is the 118th in his nomenclature.

☞ An editor thus logically nudges his delinquent subscribers:—"We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do, and no doubt they owe you. If you pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you."

☞ "War as a means of Grace" has been advocated in the Springfield Republican:—The writer would probably say, "Go into all the world and shoot the gospel into every creature."

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

PRIVATE NO 83.—"They're comin', darn em—be you scared?"

PRIVATE NO 84.—(MATHEMATICALLY INCLINED.)—"No; there's only one man killed to every six hundred shots fired in battle, and there ain't over five hundred rebels in that crowd."—*Vanity Fair.*

FAILING IN BUSINESS.—There ought to be an elaborate treatise written on the causes of bankruptcy and insolvency. There could scarcely be a more useful book than one containing five hundred reports of cases of failure, in which the cause of the calamity should be distinctly pointed out in each instance. It would probably be found that *spending money before it is earned* causes about one-half of the failures. Young business men are exceedingly liable to fix their expenditures at a rate that is safe only in prosperous times. They forget that expenses are certain, and profits uncertain. They forget, too, that expenses are to be paid out of profits. They omit to consider the absolute certainty that some of their customers will not pay their bills. They do not stop to think that one season in every three will be dullish; that one season in every seven will be dull; that one year in every ten will be disastrous. Consequently, as soon as they have made a little money, or think they have, they bring up their expenditures to a point that would only be proper if their income were derived from real estate. A man who, in a prosperous year, makes five hundred pounds by trading, is a fool to spend more than three. Three is the very extreme. One who spends more is destined to fail, sooner or later. The other two hundred should all be employed in extending the basis on which his business rests.

BLOODIN.—An English journalist says:—The *intimacies* of Bloodin's performance is this—he has perfect confidence in his own sense of touch and balance, *and he never looks beneath him.* That being so, fifty feet and five hundred feet are the same to him. He looks in a fixed manner, and always above him; he is guided by his feet. When, therefore, he is blindfolded, he is deprived of a sense which is of no use to him—which may indeed prove a source of danger. When the drop of the rope at Niagara was forty feet, and he was at the bottom of the curve, he could scarcely avoid seeing the ends of the rope, and that was a source of danger to him. If he were to look down once, we know not what would happen to him; but we may guess from an accident which occurred some time ago.

HIS'N AND SHE'N.—The vulgar contradictions, "*your'n, her'n his'n,*" are not confined to Yankee use, but are common in Berkshire (England) dialect. They even say *shi'n*, as appears from the following verse from a popular Berkshire ditty:—

"But t'other young maiden looked shy at me,
And from her seat she rin'n;
Let's you and I go our own way,
—And we'll let she go shi'n."

☞ A pretty woman's soul sometimes sits and looks out through a bright eye like a purring cat out of a sunny window.

Agricultural.

SPAYING COWS DOES NOT INCREASE THE FLOW OF MILK.

Much has been written of late in reference to the late great discovery (?) of spaying cows for the purpose of increasing the quantity as well as the quality of the milk, and, as we also suppose, of doing away with the unnecessary *process of nature*, namely, breeding stock.

Persons who chance to pick up a daily paper, or monthly agricultural journal, are induced to believe from the accounts published therein in reference to spaying cows, that some great and novel discovery has been made whereby all a farmer has to do is to purchase a cow, get the ovaries removed, and ever after—that is, so long as the animal may chance to live—all he has to do is but to place a bucket underneath the mamma, use slight manipulation to the same, when there will immediately issue a stream of the rich fluid "termed milk," almost without limit as to quantity and quality. To inculcate ideas of this nature into the minds of farming men, who have not, perhaps, that amount of scientific knowledge they might have, is not only wrong, but has its injurious effect in many other ways.

That the spaying of cows is spoken of as a new thing appears to me to pertain to the nonsensical, from the fact that it has been constantly practised in Europe for the last twenty years to my own knowledge; but not for the same purpose the *discoverers* in this country are now endeavoring to raise so much excitement about, *i. e.*, for the purpose of increasing the quantity and quality of milk.

In Europe it is practiced for the purpose of producing an entirely contrary effect. Furthermore, it is practiced there, not as an experiment, but as a process "fully demonstrated," whereby the animal becomes of more value to the grazier than when kept in her natural state.

Many persons, no doubt, will ask, why should animals become more valuable to the grazier after having been spayed than before? The reason is accounted for in the following manner:—Stock, after having been spayed, become in a short time dull and lazy; they are quiet in the pasture; free from the periodical estrum, the latter of itself being of much benefit, for at this particular period all cattle become weakened and lose flesh, which, consequently, takes time to make up again.

As regards such cattle as have had a calf, and are giving milk, the grazier finds that by spaying them the milk gradually becomes absorbed. The period of estrum appears to erase altogether. The animal becomes sluggish, sleepy, and fat, a consummation devoutly to be wished for by every grazier. But should the animal not have been spayed the difference would have been as follows:—firstly, the animal would have continued giving milk for some time. Secondly, the estrum would have returned regularly. Tairdly, the animal at this period instead of gaining beef would lose it.

There is also another well known fact to which I would direct attention, and which I have no hesitation in saying, would be vouched for by almost every intelligent cattle dealer in Europe, and this is, that spayed heifers are always considered to be more profitable to the butcher than other cattle, for the following reasons: That they invariably weigh heavier than they are judged to be; that they produce more offal fat than the majority of other cattle; that the lean portion of the beef is beautifully intermingled with fat that the sides are thicker that the beef is more tender, and is believed to have a finer flavor than other beef.

Now to suppose that by acting in contradiction to the laws of nature, and cutting off the first source of the flow of milk, that it should have the effect of increasing that flow as well as improving the quality, is, in my humble opinion, contrary to every law of science or common sense. For we well know that when the animal is deprived of the ovaries when young, and before the estrum comes on, that the secretion of milk thereafter is entirely prevented. If, then, we have this effect produced before the animal arrives at a proper age to secrete the milk, what in the name of common sense should lead us to suppose that by cutting off the great first cause of this secretion, "if we may so term it," we should thereby increase the quantity and quality of the milk thereafter, as long as the animal should chance to live.

If these extravagant views were correct, the farmer should rejoice for more reasons than this. There would be no alarm about milk fevers, the chances of safe delivery, abortions, and many other little annoyances, for all these would be forever banished. But, again, it may be asked, why spaying should make beef if it won't make milk? As regards this question we shall not have much difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. In the first place, as I have before observed, the estrum is cut off, consequently the animal does not lose the flesh she would otherwise have done at this period had she not been spayed. Secondly, she becomes lazy, which has a tendency to accumulate fat. Thirdly, the desire to reproduce her species having left her, the nutriment which makes milk to supply her young goes to the support of the general system. It is turned into other channels, resolving itself into fat, thereby producing what we may very properly term disease, as everything which is at variance with the laws of nature is diseased, no matter in what form it appears. So it is in this case; nature intended that the cow should reproduce her species, and that a certain amount of the nutriment contained within the body should be formed into milk to supply the young with sufficient support. But this law of nature being cut off, the nutriment intended for this particular purpose being no longer required, is retained within the body, and stowed away in the form of fat. Hence it is that spayed heifers get fat sooner than those which have not been spayed. Their bodies become more solid, and, as a natural result, weigh more. If the gentlemen that are so enthusiastic on this subject, will but wait until such time as they are thoroughly convinced as to the result of their experiments, and then make a true and unvarnished statement of the facts, I have not a particle of doubt in my own mind but they will coincide with my indeas on the subject, fully convinced that spaying does not increase the quantity or quality of milk, but is the means of stopping it altogether.—G. W. BOWLER, *in Spirit of the Times.*

DISEASE OF BALDWIN APPLE TREES.—We learn from the New England Farmer that the disease which has affected the Baldwin apple tree in Massachusetts for some years, is unusually fatal this year. One gentleman says:—"Four years ago last April, I set one acre of land to apple trees of different varieties. In the middle of the lot I set two rows of Baldwins, which have grown vigorously, and appear to be healthy, forming large, handsome tops, and many of them have borne fruit, but this spring all my Baldwin trees, except three, have been severely injured from the cold weather of last winter, or some other cause, which I cannot account for. A few of them partly leaved out, and then seemed to wither and dry up. On part of them the buds began to swell, but have not leaved out as yet. I have dug about the roots, but cannot find anything but what seems to be right; the roots and trunk appear to be healthy and full of sap."

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF TIMOTHY AND CLOVER HAY.—It is true that in Great Britain, and perhaps in other portions of Europe, clover hay sells for a higher price than meadow hay, while here it is considered of less value. The propositions and deductions of our correspondent seem pertinent:—"Have Europeans a better clover, or do they practice a better method of curing it, or as their grass inferior to ours? One of these propositions must be true, or there is some mistake about the relative value of grass and clover hay." The English clover hay is of a bright light brown color, and fragrant as a bouquet, while American is usually black, and the poorer specimens are composed principally of woody stalks, the leaves being detached and often broken and dusty. The cause of this difference may be in some respects, perhaps, chargeable to climate.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN GREASE FROM FLOORS.—Spread over the stain a thick coat of soft soap, then pass a heated flat iron a few times across it, after which, wash immediately with clear warm water. I'll warrant you, after this treatment, it will never show its vile face again.

RENOVATING OLD WALL PAPER.—The prudent housewife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting-room, as desirable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance, by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth, dipped in Indian meal.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SALT AS TOOTH POWDER.—If, while examining under the microscope a drop of water containing *infusoria*, you introduce a grain of salt, the effect seen will be the *instantaneous* death of these creatures. The knowledge of this property of salt may be turned to account in several ways; among the rest, it suggests an excellent tooth-powder. If it be true, as asserted, that the matter which is formed on the teeth is the receptacle of animalcules, and that these are the real agents in producing carious teeth, dip a moistened brush in common salt, and you have at once the cheapest and most preservative of tooth-powders.—*Notes and Queries.*

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BROADCLOTH.—Mix an ounce of finely-ground pipe-clay with twelves drops each of alcohol and spirits of turpentine; moisten this mixture when needed, with a little alcohol, and rub the spots thoroughly, and when dry, wipe off with a woolen cloth, when it will be found that the spots have disappeared, unless the stains have been caused by strong acids that have taken out the color.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice; let them boil for ten minutes; then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough; put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

EFFECTS OF LIME-WATER.—It is well known that the water of several of the Middle and Southern States is largely impregnated with lime, the effect of which is to impair the normal action of the alimentary canal. Already our troops have begun to suffer from drinking it, as we learn from various sources. A gentleman of this city, who has travelled extensively in the lime-water region, informs us that he made constant use of vinegar with success, as an antidote to its effects. He used about a teaspoonful of vinegar to a common-sized tumbler of water. It is his opinion that any other kind of acid will have the same beneficial effect which he realized from the use of vinegar. We hope our soldiers will practice upon this suggestion.—*Wall Street News.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 1, 12, 43, was the son of Haran.
My 2, 38, 44, 42, 33, 20, 31, was a disciple of Paul.
My 3, 44, 25, 11, 30, is a mountain in Galilee.
My 4, 40, 14, 41, 10, 37, 19, is an acid spoken of in the Bible.
My 5, 6, 11, 14, is a metal spoken of in the Bible.
My 7, 35, 6, 24, is a city spoken of in the Bible.
My 8, 29, 37, 29, is a branch of the Euphrates.
My 9, 13, 12, 46, was called Esau.
My 15, 16, 44, 8, was the son of Isaac.
My 17, 45, 14, is a desert south of Judea.
My 18, 36, 19, 37, 34, was the son of Nahor.
My 21, 22, 11, 46, 44, 17, was one of the Apostles.
My 25, 26, 27, 45, 14, 9, is a tree spoken of in the Bible.
My 28, 39, 12, 32, 36, 42, are vessels spoken of in the Bible.
My whole is a moral proverb.

Newport, R. I. ED. NEWTON.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Great changes oft take place in this vast world;
The lowly rise, the lofty down are hurled;
E'en mighty empires fall into decay,
And riches, splendor, glory pass away.
Man should affliction bear with all his might,
And learn to think whatever is is right.
I and my comrade, placed in stations low,
Have oft been lost in mounts of ice and snow;
We also have had many ups and downs
In ancient cities and in borough towns;
At times compelled to carry heavy loads,
And bring them back again o'er thorny roads.
Yet none e'er heard us sigh or utter groans;
Quiet we lie all night as mice or stones;
And though unlike an ostrich (which for supper
Will swallow iron or a rusty crupper),
At morn we're squeezed and stuffed with bones and nails,
Of no more nutriment to us than frails;
But food lies indigested, e'er so small,
And every night we're forced to disgorge all.
One therefore might suppose us very thin,
And so we are, in fact, scarce aught but skin.
But though so poor, in England, Spain or France,
We forc'most stand in every country dance;
We're bound and trod on worse than galley slaves,
And made to carry dead folks to their graves.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

TRANSPOSITIONS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Take away my 1st, and I am familiar to students.
Take away my 2nd, transpose, and I become a drink.
Take away my 2nd, 3rd, transpose, and I become insane.
Take away my 2nd, 3rd, transpose, and I become a check.
Take away my 3rd, and I am what the toper loves.
Take away my 1st and last, transpose, and no doubt you possess me.
Take away my 1st and 3rd, transpose, and no doubt you possess me.
Take away my 1st and 5th, transpose, you will find me precious.
Take away my 1st and 3rd, and I become an animal.
Take away my 1st and 3rd, read backwards, I am to deface.
Take away my 4th, 5th, transpose, you will find me a color.
You cannot fail to 2, 3, 4, 1, my whole.

W. WINDSOR.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given a triangular board 6 feet long and 2 feet wide at the base; where must it be cut so that each of the two pieces may contain an equal number of feet; i. e., how far from the top or the bottom, to give each equal areas?

Clinton, Ohio. "SUBSCRIBER."

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has a circular bowling-green, within which he can fasten three horses to stakes, so that each horse can graze over an acre of ground, and neither horse encroach upon the other. How much ground will just allow this, and how much land ungrazed?

Pawhuska, Mo. OLIVER S. HARRIS.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the crack of a rifle like news of a pacific character? Ans.—Because it is the report of a piece.

☞ Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Ans.—Because it gives in all directions.

☞ What head is never gray, but sometimes bald? Ans.—The fountain head.

☞ Why should a man on the occasion of his marriage not be expected to pay all the ringers? Ans.—Because he rings one belle himself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds." MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"I said in my haste all men are liars." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Venture not, win not." RIDDLE.—To morrow.—DOUBLE REBUS.—Aleppo, in Asia. (Altai, Leghorn, Elmira, Pelpus, Pompeii, Odessa.)

Answer to Geometrical Problem by D. Diefenback, published June 15th. The diameter of each bullet is 4·6100 inches. Also, answer to Problem by Wm. D. Stratford, same date. The boxes average three-fourths of a hundred weight each. N. P. Blakslee, North Farmington, Mich.

Answer to Arithmetical Question, by A. D. Y., published July 6th. A buys 80 acres, at $2,50 per acre. B buys 120 acres, at $1,66⅔ per acre. D. F. Lemmon, Robertson Station, Ky.

Answer to A. D. Y.'s Question. A pays $2,286 per acre, gets 87,69 acres. B pays $1,780, and gets 112,36 acres. R. Barto, Schuylkill county, Penna.

Answer to A. D. Y.'s Question. A bought 100 acres, for $2,28 per acre. B bought 100 acres, for $1,75 per acre. W. Evans, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Answer to Question from Old Book, same date. The man receives 55 5-9 cents, the woman 41⅔ cents, the boy 2⅔ cents. D. F. Lemmon, Robertson Station, Ky.

Answer to Artemas Martin's Algebraical Problem, published July 13th. The numbers are 1, 2, 4, 8, 16. R. Barto, Ellwood, Schuylkill county, Penna.